




FAIRY
TALES

GRIMM



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HANSEL AND GRETEL FOLLOWING THE WHITE BIRD

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

Retold in One-Syllable Words



ILLUSTRATED

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS
New York

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

ONCE on a time there dwelt near a large wood, a woodman, with his wife and two children, a boy named Hansel, and a girl named Grethel. The man was quite poor. The children's own mother was dead, and their step-mother did not care for them.

Hard times came, when there was no work for the man by which he could earn the means to buy bread. One night, after they had gone to bed, the boy and girl heard their father and mother talking. "What shall we do?" said the father. "How can we feed the children when we have not as much as two need to eat?"

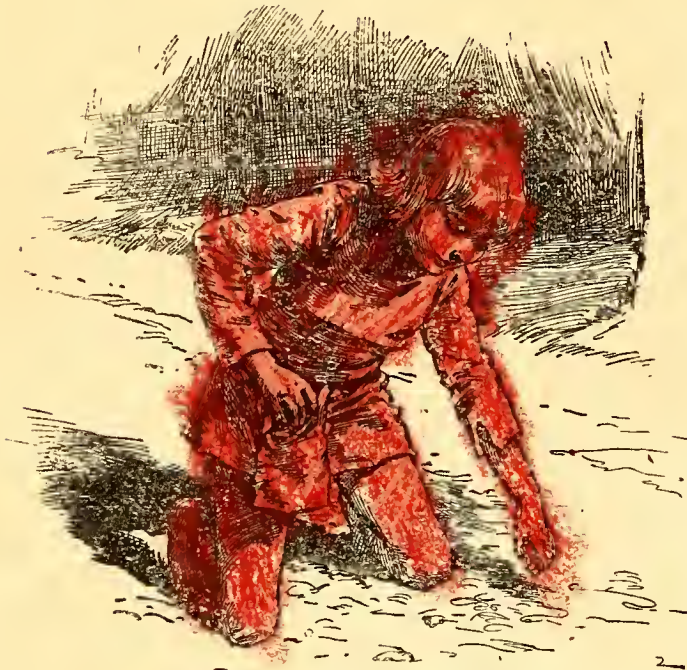
"We must get rid of the children," said the step-mother. "Let us take them into the thick part of the wood in the morning, and there make them a fire, and give each of them a small piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home, and we shall be freed from them."

"No, wife," said he, "that I can not do. How can you

have the heart to leave the poor things in the wood, where the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to bits.”

“Oh, you goose!” said she; “then we must all four die for want of food.” And she left him no peace till she made him yield.

The boy and girl heard all this, for they had not gone to sleep, as their par-ents thought they had. Greth-el wept, and said to Han-sel, “Oh, what shall we do?” But Han-sel told her not to cry, for he would look out for her.



HANSEL PICKING UP THE STONES

And as soon as their par-ents had gone to sleep, he got up, put on his coat, and crept out of doors. The moon was bright, and the small white stones which lay on the path in front of the house shone like pearls. Han-sel went down on his knees, and picked up a lot of them, and put them in his pock-et. Then he went back to Greth-el, and said, “Sleep in peace, dear sister, God will take care of us.”

The next day, as soon as the sun rose, the wife called the

two chil-dren. "Come," she said, "you must get up at once. We have to go to-day to chop wood."

Then she gave them each a piece of bread, and said, "There is some-thing for your lunch. Don't eat it till it is time, for it is all you will get." Greth-el took the bread, for Han-sel's pock-ets were so full of stones there was no room in them for it, and so they all set out on their way.

As they went on, Han-sel each few steps dropped one of the stones on the path. When they had gone far into the wood, the fa-ther told the chil-dren to pick up some wood for a fire, so that they should not be cold.

Han-sel and Greth-el picked up quite a large heap of twigs, and the wife set fire to them. As the flames burned high, she said, "Now lie down by the fire and rest, while we chop wood. When it is time to go home, I will call you."



HANSEL DROPPING THE STONES

Han-sel and Greth-el sat down by the fire, and when it was noon each ate the piece of bread. They could hear a sound like blows of an axe, and thought their fa-ther must be near; but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to a tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind.

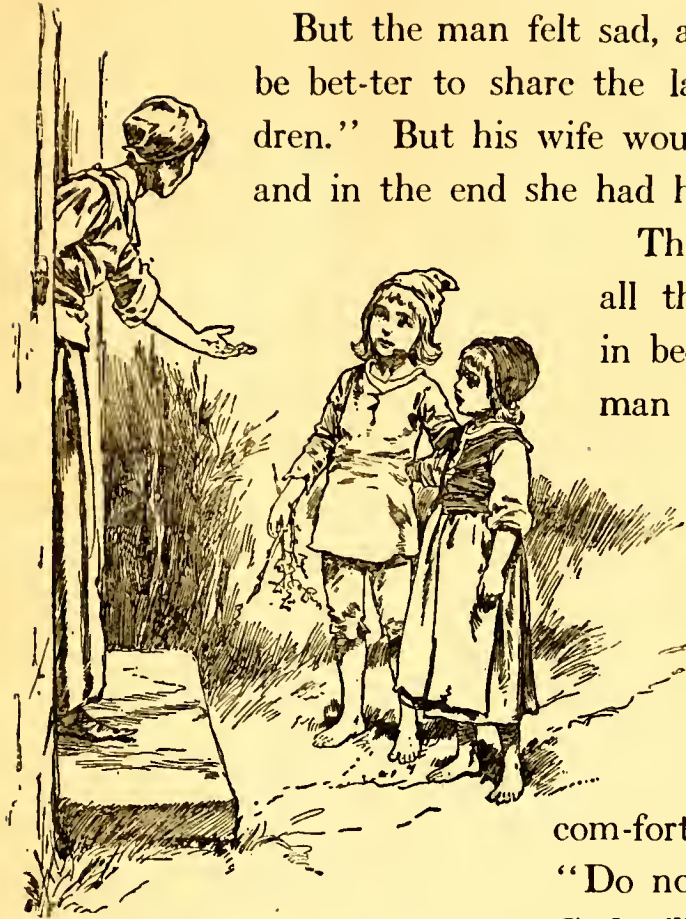
At last they fell a-sleep. When they woke up it was quite dark, and Greth-el be-gan to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?" But Han-sel tried to com-fort her by say-ing, "Wait a while till the moon comes up, and then we will find the way in a short time."

The moon soon shone forth, and then Han-sel took his sister's hand, and traced his way by the stones he had dropped on the path. All night long they walked on, and as day broke they came to their fath-er's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife o-pened it, and saw them, she cried out, "You bad chil-dren, why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you would nev-er come!" But the fa-ther was glad, for it had made him feel sore at heart to leave them in the wood.

The times grew worse and worse, and soon the chil-dren heard their moth-er say to their fa-ther, "All is gone a-gain. We have but half a loaf left, and then we must starve. The chil-dren must go; we will take them deep-er in-to the wood, so that they may not find the way out this time. It is the only way we can es-cape death our-selves."

But the man felt sad, and thought, "It would be better to share the last crust with the children." But his wife would not give in to him, and in the end she had her way.

The children had heard all this as they lay a-wake in bed; and as soon as the man and his wife went to sleep, Hansel got up. He meant to pick up some more of the small stones; but the wife had locked the door, and he could not get out. Still he tried to comfort Greth-el, saying, "Do not cry; sleep in peace; God will not forsake us."



"WHY DID YOU SLEEP SO LONG IN THE WOOD?"

At sun-rise the wife came and made them get up, and gave each a slice of bread which was smaller than the first piece. On the way, Hansel broke his in his pocket, and now and then dropped a crumb on the path.

The children were led deep into the wood, to a part in which they had never been before. A big fire was made, and the wife said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and

when you feel tired you can sleep for a while. We must chop wood, but in in the eve-ning, when we are through, we will

come for you.”

When noon came, Greth-el shared her bread with Han-sel, who had strewn all his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the eve-ning came, and still they were left a-lone. In the dark night, they woke up, and Han-sel said to Greth-el, “On-ly wait, Greth-el, till the moon comes out; then

we shall see the crumbs of

bread I have dropped, and they will show us the way home.”

The moon shone, and they got up, but they could see no crumbs, for the flocks of birds that had flown a-bout in the woods and fields had picked them all up. “We shall soon find the way,” Han-sel kept say-ing to Greth-el; but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, and still they did not come out of the wood. They were weak for want of food, for they had noth-ing to eat but a few ber-ries which they found on a bush. Soon they got too tired to drag



GRETHEL SHARES HER BREAD WITH HANSEL

them-selves a-long, so they lay down at the foot of a tree and went to sleep.

The third day since they left home came, and still they walked on, but they on-ly got deep-er in the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come soon they must die. But just then they saw a snow-white bird that sat on a bough,

and sang a sweet song. It soon left off, and spread its wings, and flew a-way. The chil-dren went after it till they came to a small house, on the roof of which the bird perched. When they went up close to it, they saw that the house was made of bread and cakes. This was a fine treat for the hun-gry boy and girl, and each broke off a piece of the house, and be-gan to eat.

All at once an old wom-an o-pened the door and came out. The chil-dren were in such a fright that they let fall what they had in their hands, but the old wom-an said, "Ah, you dear chil-dren, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall come to you." She took



THE OLD WITCH

them both by the hand, and led them in-to the house. There she gave them a fine meal of milk, cakes, fruit, and nuts; and when they were through, put them to bed in a nice room with two small beds in it, in which the chil-dren lay down and thought they were in heav-en.

The old wom-an was kind to them at first, but in truth she was a witch who caught chil-dren to eat them, and had built the bread house to serve as a trap for them. The next morn-ing she came and looked at them as they slept, and mum-bled to her-self, "They will make a nice bite for me."

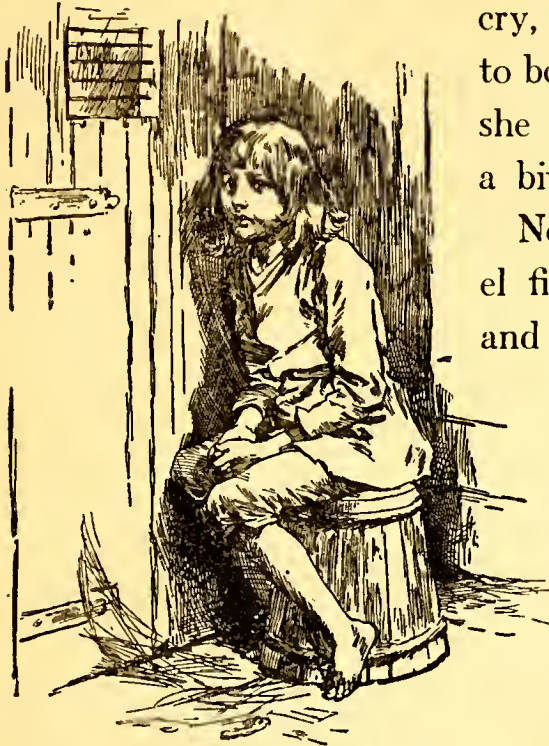
Then she took up Han-sel with her rough hand, and shut him up in a small room that had a barred door, like a cage. He cried loud-ly, but it was of no use.

Next she shook Greth-el, and said, "Get up, you la-zy thing, and fetch some wa-ter to cook some food for your broth-er, who must stay in that cage and get fat. When he is fat as he ought to be, I shall eat him."

Greth-el be-gan to cry, too, but it did no good, for the old witch made her do as she wished. So a nice meal was cooked for Han-sel, but Greth-el got noth-ing but crab's claws.

Each morn-ing the old witch came to the cage and said, "Han-sel, stick out your fin-ger, so that I may see if you are fat." But Han-sel used to stick out a bone, and the old witch, who had poor sight, took it for his fin-ger, and thought it strange that he was so lean.

When four weeks had passed, and Han-sel still kept quite lean, she got tired of wait-ing, and said she would have him for din-ner the next day, fat or lean. The chil-dren be-gan to



HANSEL IN THE CAGE

cry, but the old witch told them to be still. "Leave off that noise," she said, "it will not help you a bit."

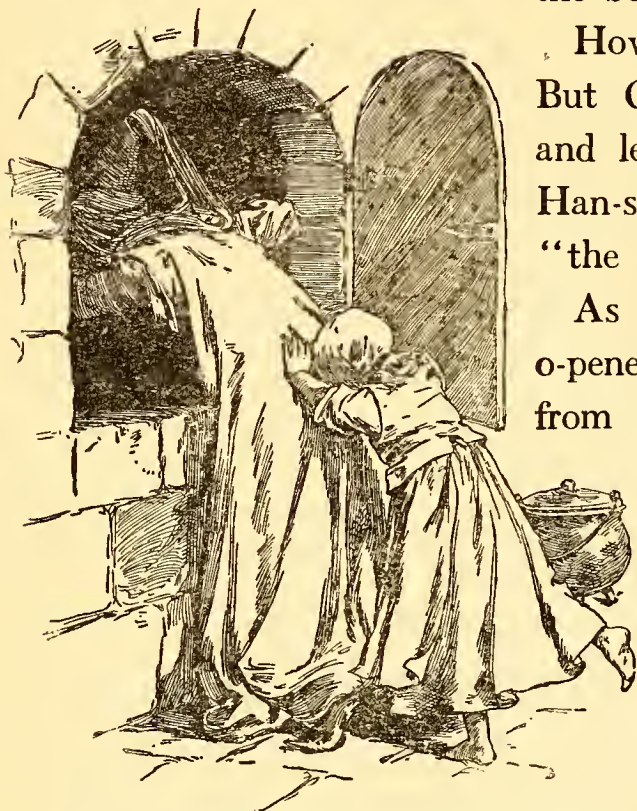
Next morn-ing she made Greth-el fill the great pot with wa-ter, and make a fire. "First we will bake, though," said the old witch. "The o-ven is al-ready hot, and I have made the bread." She pushed poor Greth-el up to the oven, in which there was a fierce fire. "Creep in," she cried, "and see if it is hot e-nough, and

then we will put in the bread." She meant when Greth-el got in to shut up the o-ven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Han-sel.

But Greth-el knew what she wished to do, and said, "I don't know how to do it. How can I creep in?"

"What a goose you are," said the old witch, "the door is large e-nough. Look here, I can get in my-self;" and she

crawled up and stuck her head in the oven. A bright thought came to Greth-el. She gave the old witch a push, and she fell in-to the oven. Then Greth-el shut the door and drew the bolt.



GRETHEL PUSHES THE WITCH INTO THE OVEN

How the old witch did howl! But Greth-el ran to the cage and let her brother out. "O, Hans-el! we are free," she said, "the old witch is dead."

As soon as the door was opened, Hans-el sprang out from the cage like a bird, and they were so glad that they threw their arms round each other's neck, and kissed each other, and ran about for joy.

They went through the house, and in each corner stood chests of

gold and pearls. "These are better than the small white stones," said Hans-el, as he filled his pockets with all that they could hold.

"I will take some home too," said Greth-el, as she filled her apron.

“Now we must go,” said Han-sel, “and get out of this bewitched wood.”

When they had walked for two hours, they came to a large piece of water.

“How shall we cross?” said Han-sel. “I see no bridge of any kind.”

“There are no boats, either,” said Greth-el. “But there swims a white duck. I will ask her to help us to cross.

“O, lit-tle white duck, let poor Han-sel and Greth-el ride a-cross the wa-ter on your back!” said she.

The duck swam up to them, and Han-sel sat down on his back, and told his sis-ter to sit be-hind. But she said, “No, that would be too much for the duck. She must take one of us at a time.”

The good lit-tle duck did so, and when they had walked a short time on the oth-er side, they came at last to a part of



RIDING ACROSS THE WATER ON A DUCK'S BACK

the wood which they knew. They went on and on, and at last came in sight of their father's house.

Then they began to run, and burst-ing in-to the room, threw their arms round their father's neck.

The poor man had not had one hap-py hour since he left his chil-dren in the wood, and af-ter he had lost them, his wife died too.

Greth-el shook her a-pron, and the pearls and gems rolled out on the floor, and Han-sel drew hand-ful af-ter hand-ful from his pock-et. Their sor-row was now at an end, and they lived in great peace and joy.

MR. KORBES

ONCE on a time a cock and a hen thought they would like to go on a short trip. So the cock built a nice cart with four red wheels, and hitched up four mice to it, and off they drove.

They had not gone far when they met a cat, who said he would like to know where they were bound for.

“We mean to make a call on Mr. Korbes,” said the cock.

“Take me with you,” said the cat.

“All right,” said the cock. “You may sit in the back part of the cart, but take care you do not scratch my red wheels.”



ON THE ROAD TO MR. KORBES'S

And then he cried out, "Now turn fast, lit-tle wheels, and race on lit-tle mice, or we shall be too late to find Mr. Korbes at home."

But they did not get on at all fast, for they stopped first to

take in a mill-stone, then an egg, then a duck, then a pin, and, last of all, a nee-dle.

When they did reach the house of Mr. Korbes he was not at home. The mice drew the cart in the shed; the cock and hen flew up on a beam; the cat sat by the hearth; the duck on the well-curb; the egg wrapped it-self in the tow-el; the pin stuck, point up, in a chair; the nee-dle went in the bed; and the mill-stone laid it-self up o-ver the door.

Soon Mr. Korbes came home. He went to the hearth to make a fire, but the cat threw coal-dust in his eyes. He ran to the well to wash them, but there the duck threw wa-ter at him.

Then he went to dry his face, but as he took up the tow-el, the egg burst, and flew in his eyes, and stuck them fast like glue.

So much ill luck made him feel tired, so he sat down in his chair to rest. but the pin stuck in him and he sprang up in a great rage.

He threw him-self on the bed, but as soon as his head touched the pil-low the point of the nee-dle pricked him so that he gave a shout of pain, and in great wrath ran to the door to leave the house. But just as he reached the door the mill-stone fell on his head and killed him on the spot.

Do you not think Mr. Korbes must have been a bad man?



THE WOLF AND THE SIX LITTLE KIDS

THERE was once an old goat who had six kids, of whom she was as fond as a moth-er could be.

One day she had to go out to get some food for them, so she called them all to her, and said, "Dear young ones, I must go out and get some food for you. Be on your guard that the wolf don't come in the house; for if he does, he will eat you all up. He will try in all ways to fool you, but you can tell him with ease by his rough voice and his black feet."

"Dear moth-er," said the kids, "you need have no fear; we will take good care not to let the wolf in."

So the old goat said good-by, and went off with her mind at rest.

It was not long when the kids heard a knock at the door, and some one cried, "O-pen the door, dear young ones; your moth-er has come home, and has brought some-thing nice for each one of you."

But the kids knew by the rough voice that it was the wolf, and they said, "We will not o-pen the door for you. You are not our moth-er; she has a fine, sweet voice, but yours is coarse and harsh; you must be the wolf."

So the wolf left them and went to a store, where he bought

a large piece of chalk. This he ate to make his voice soft, and then he came back and knocked at the door of the goat's house a-gain. "O-pen t'he door, dear young ones," he said; "your moth-er has brought some-thing nice for each one of you."

But the wolf had put his black paws on the win-dow sill, and the kids saw them. So they cried, "We will not o-pen the door for you. You are not our moth-er; she has not big, black feet. You must be the wolf."

Then the wolf ran to a ba-ker, and said, "I have hurt my foot; please put some dough on it."

As soon as his foot was cov-ered with dough, he ran to the mil-ler and said, "Put some white flour on my foot."

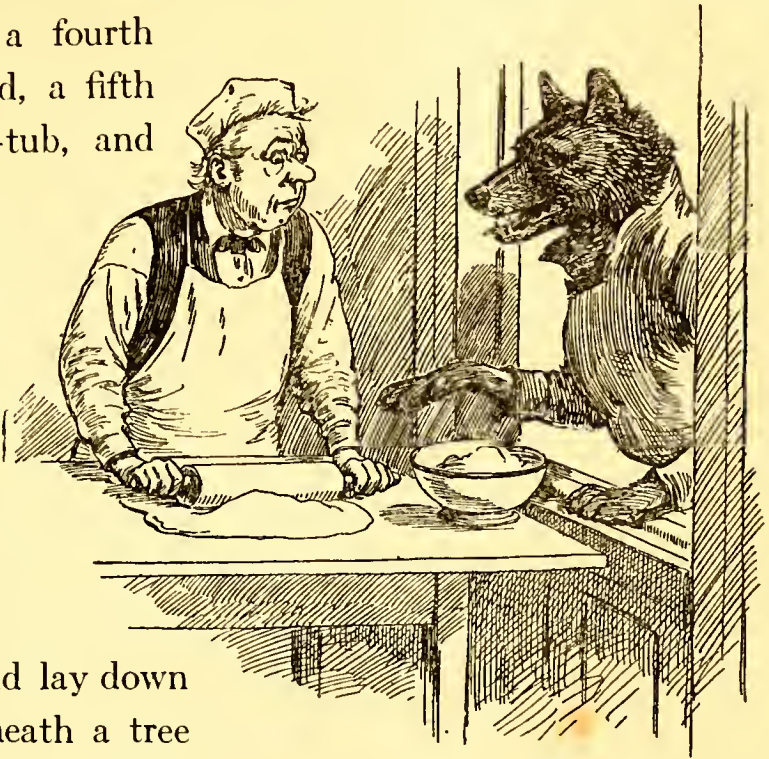
The mil-ler thought, "The wolf wants to play a trick on some one," and he was not go-ing to do it; but the wolf said, "If you don't, I will eat you up."

This put the mil-ler in a fright, so he spread flour on the wolf's feet. Then the bad wolf went a third time to the goat's house, knocked, and said, "O-pen the door, dear young ones; your moth-er has come home, and has brought some-thing nice for each one of you."

"Show us your feet first," said the kids, "that we may know if you are our moth-er or not."

The wolf put his paw on the win-dow sill, and when they saw that it was white, they thought he must be their moth-er,

and let him in. Great was their fear when they saw it was the wolf. They ran this way and that way to try to hide. One went un-der the ta-ble, an-oth-er in-to the bed, a third in-to the ov-en, a fourth in-to the cup-board, a fifth un-der the wash-tub, and the sixth in-to the clock-case. But the wolf found them, and ate up all but the young-est one of them,—the one that was hid in the clock-case. Then the wolf went out, and lay down on the grass be-neath a tree and went to sleep.



THE WOLF AT THE BAKER'S

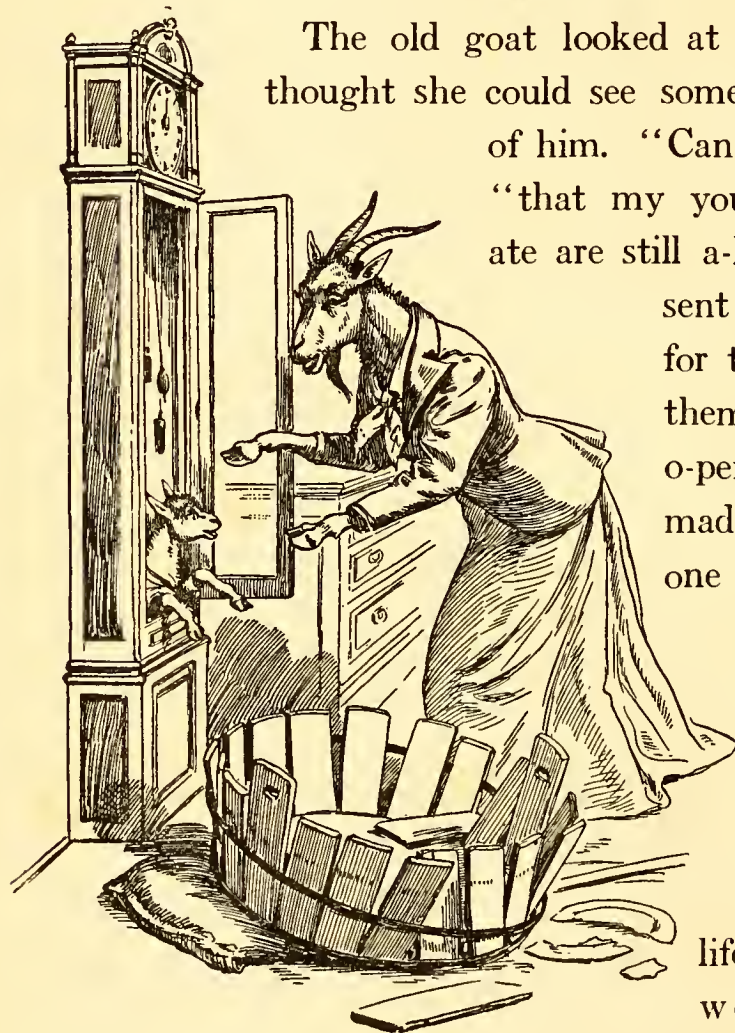
In a short time the old goat came home. What a sight met her eyes! The door stood wide o-pen, and the whole house was up-set. Not a kid was to be seen; she called each one; but no one spoke till she came to the name of the young-est, when a weak voice said, “Dear moth-er, I am hid in the clock-case.”

She helped the young kid out, and heard how the wolf had

come and eat-en up all her oth-er dear young ones. She wept and wept as if she would nev-er stop. At length she and the kid went out for a walk. When they had gone a few steps they saw the wolf, where he lay a-sleep on the grass, snor-ing so loud that he shook the leaves on the trees.

The old goat looked at him with care, and thought she could see some-thing move in-side of him. "Can it be," she thought, "that my young ones whom he ate are still a-live?" She at once

sent the young kid home for the shears, and with them she cut the wolf o-pen. She had just made a small slit, when one of the kids put his head out. She cut some more, and out it sprang, and then an-oth-er, and an-oth-er, till all were out, as full of life as ever; for the wolf had been so gree-dy that he swal-



ONE LITTLE KID IS ALL RIGHT

lowed them whole, and had not hurt them a bit. Oh, it was a time of joy! The kids danced and jumped a-bout, they were so full of glee.



THE WOLF IS FOUND ASLEEP ON THE GRASS

But the old goat said to them, "Go and get some stones, and we will put them in-side of this scamp, and sew him up be-fore he wakes.

So the kids ran in great haste, and brought large stones, which they put in-side of the wolf. Then the old goat sewed up the slit and the wolf did not wake nor move.

When the wolf's sleep was out, he got up, and as the stones gave him a great thirst, he went to a brook for a drink. As he stooped to drink, the weight of the stones made him fall in-to the wa-ter, and he was drowned.

Then the six young ones gave a shout, "The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!" and they and their moth-er danced for joy all the way home.

TALES ABOUT ELVES

FIRST TALE

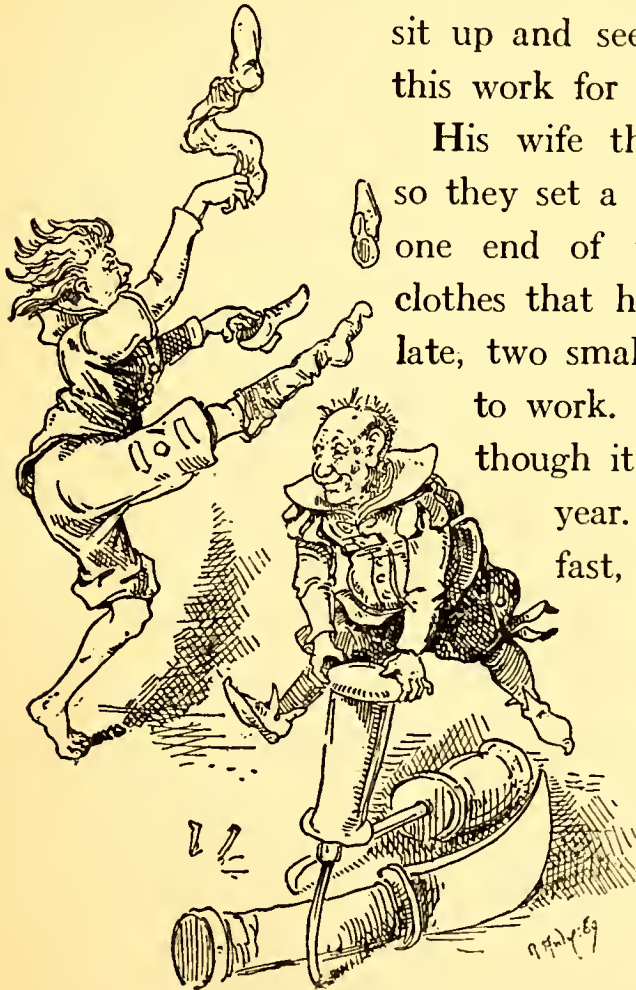
A SHOE-MA-KER, through no fault of his own, once grew so poor that he had on-ly as much stuff left as would make one pair of shoes. He cut out the shoes at night so that he could set to work the next day.

But when he got up at dawn and went to work, he found the pair of shoes laid on his bench all made. He did not know what to think. He took the shoes in his hands, and looked at them with care, but he could not find one poor stitch; they were as good as could be.

A man soon came in who bought them, and thought they were so good a pair that he paid a high price for them. The shoe-ma-ker could now buy stuff for two pairs of shoes. He cut them out at night to lose no time, but there was no need

of this, for when he got up the next day they were made. Before night he sold these, and could then buy stuff for four pairs of shoes. At dawn he found them made, and thus it went on, day by day. In this way he did well, and in the end got rich.

One night he said to his wife, "How would it do for us to sit up and see who it is that does all this work for us?"



His wife thought it would be well, so they set a light to burn, and hid at one end of the room, behind some clothes that hung there. When it was late, two small elves came in and went to work. They had no clothes on, though it was the cold part of the year. They did the work up fast, and then went a-way.

The next day the wife said, "Those elves have made us rich, and we ought to make them a gift. I know what we will do. They must be cold without clothes, so I will make shirts, coats,

THE ELVES ARE GLAD TO GET THEIR NEW CLOTHES

pants, and socks for them and you shall make each a pair of shoes." The man thought this a good plan, and by night the gifts were all made. They laid them on the bench, and then hid to see how the elves would act.

At mid-night they came in, and when they went to look for the stuff to work with, they found their nice new clothes in its place. They put them on in great glee, and danced and hopped a-bout, and jumped o-ver the bench and the chairs, and sang. At last they danced out of the room, and af-ter that they were seen no more.

But all went well with the shoe-ma-ker, and he had good luck as long as he lived.

SECOND TALE

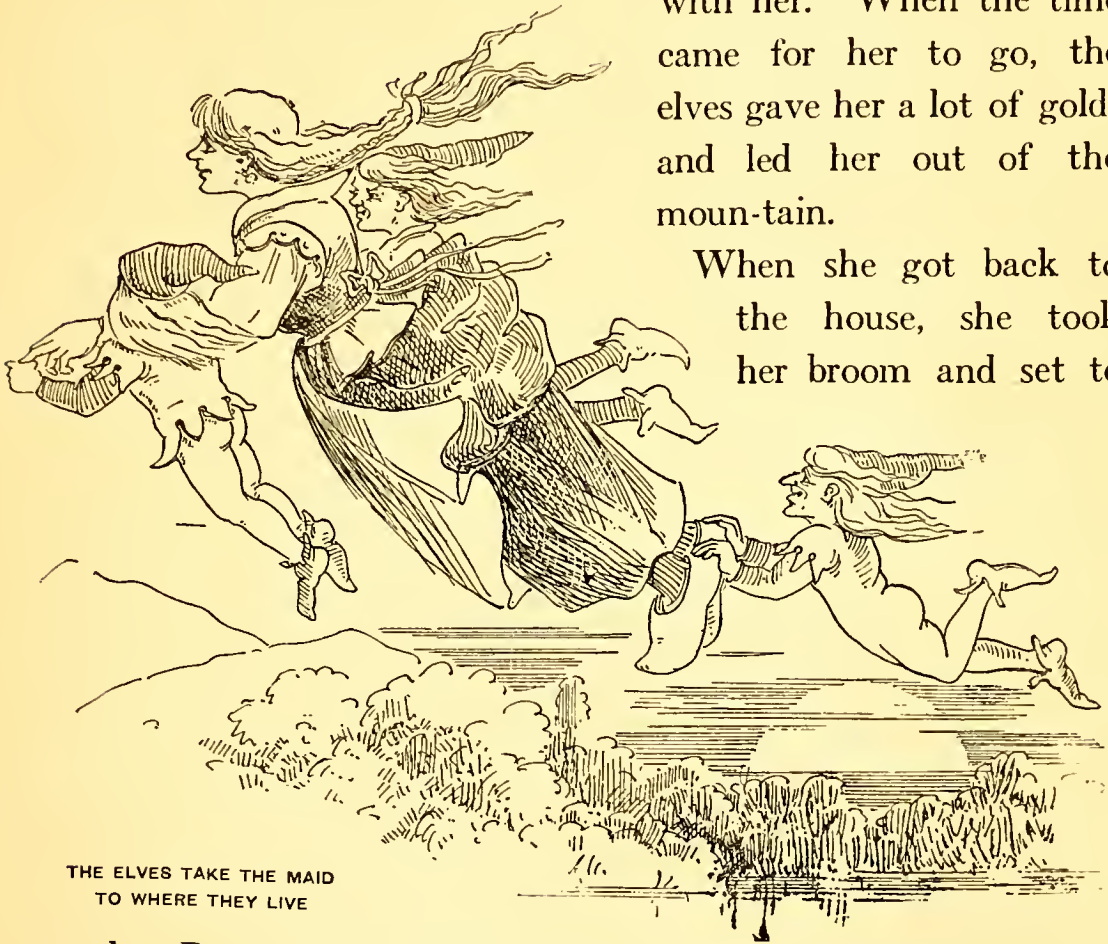
THERE was once a poor maid who worked hard and was ver-y neat. The house and the yard were swept with care, and the dirt was put in a heap and car-ried a-way.

One day she found a note, and as she could not read she took it to her mas-ter. It turned out to be a note from the elves to ask her to come and be god-moth-er to one of their chil-dren. The maid did not at first know what to do, but at length made up her mind to go.

Three elves came who took her to a hol-low moun-tain where they lived. All the things in their home were small, but rich and fine. The maid stood god-moth-er to the child, and then

she wished to go home; but the elves begged her to stay with them three days. So she staid, and the days went by joy-ful-ly with her. When the time came for her to go, the elves gave her a lot of gold, and led her out of the moun-tain.

When she got back to the house, she took her broom and set to



THE ELVES TAKE THE MAID
TO WHERE THEY LIVE

work. But strange people came to her and asked who she was, and what she did there. Then she found out that she had been in the home of the elves sev-en years in place of three days, and that while she was gone her old mas-ter had died.

THIRD TALE

THERE was once a moth-er who had the dear-est lit-tle babe in the world, but one day the elves came and ran off with it, and in its place left a change-ling, with a great big head and star-ing eyes, who did noth-ing but eat and drink all the day long.

The moth-er was full of grief, and told her neigh-bors of her sad piece of luck, and asked if they could tell her what she ought to do.

One of them told her to set the strange child in front of the hearth, build a fire, and boil some milk in two egg-shells.

“This will make the child laugh,” said the neigh-bor, “and if he once laughs it will be all o-ver with him.”

The wom-an did as she was told. As soon as she put the egg-shells in place, the strange child sang out:



THE CHANGELING

“Old am I as the old-est tree,
But to cook in egg-shells is new to me.”

Then he be-gan to laugh, and as he laughed there came in a whole crowd of elves. To the great joy of the moth-er, they brought back her own child, and placed it on the hearth, and took the strange one off with them.

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

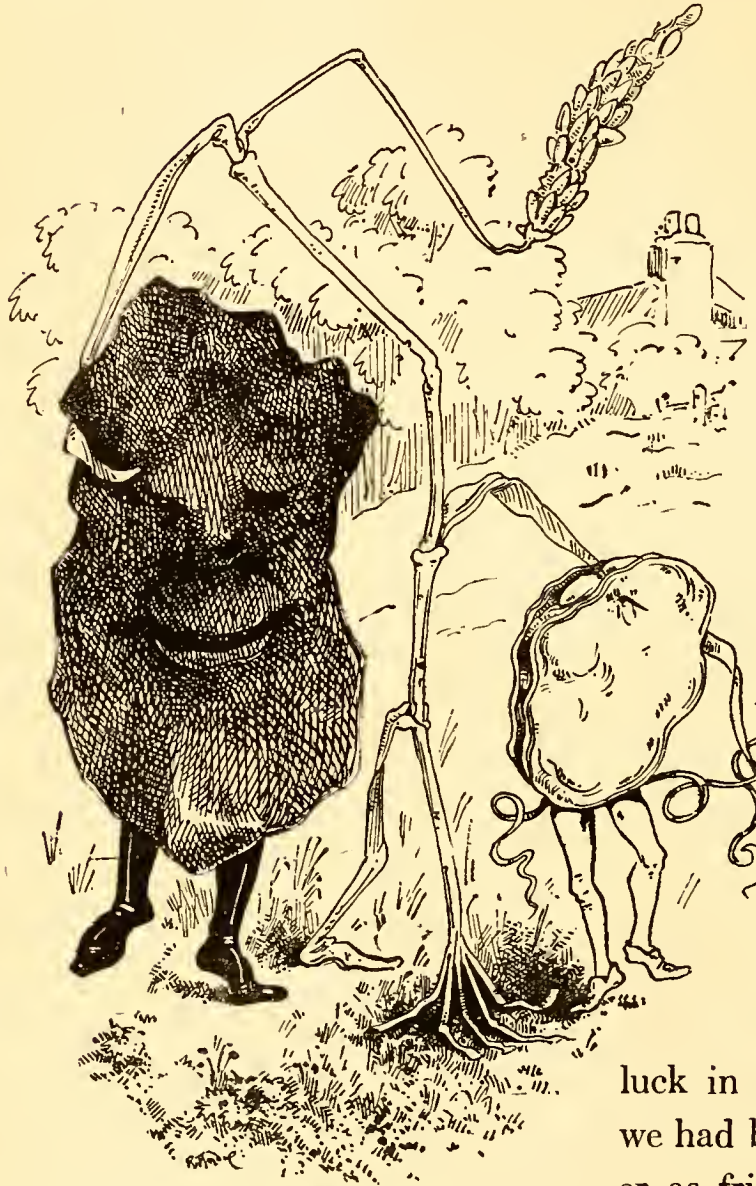
IN a small town there once lived an old dame. One day she had some beans to cook, so she built a fire on the hearth, and to make it burn fast threw on some straw. As she poured the beans in-to the pot, one of them dropped on the floor and rolled near a straw. Soon a red-hot coal popped from the fire, and fell near the bean and the straw.

Then the straw spoke. “Good friends,” said he, “where did you come from?”

“I had the good luck to jump out of the fire,” said the coal. “If I had not done so, I should have been burnt to death.”

Then the bean said, “I had the luck to get off with a whole

skin, too. If the old dame had put me in the pot, I should have been boiled to death with the rest of the beans."



THE THREE FRIENDS START ON THEIR TRIP

"And I too!" cried the straw. "My fate would have been quite as sad if I had not slipped from the old dame's hands. All my brothers went up in fire and smoke—six-ty at one time."

"What shall we do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," said the bean, "that as we have all had the same good

luck in sav-ing our lives, we had best stick to-geth-er as friends, and be-fore

we get in-to worse scrapes, take a trip to strange parts and see some of the world.”

This plan pleased the coal and the straw, and the three set out at once.

They had not gone far when they came to a small stream, and they were at loss to know how they should cross it. At last the straw said, “I will lay my-self a-cross the stream, and you can walk on me as if I were a bridge.”

So the straw stretched him-self from one bank to the other. The coal, who had a good deal of fire in his na-ture, tripped out on the new bridge, but when he had got half way, he was seized with fright, stopped short, and dared not take a step more. The straw be-gan to burn, broke in two, and fell in the stream, and the coal slipped in af-ter him.

The bean was so mean as to laugh at their bad luck, and it laughed so hard that its sides burst. Now they would all have been done for a-like, if a tai-lor had not come that way. He felt sor-ry for the bean, so he sewed it up. The bean thanked him, but as he had used black thread to sew with, from that day to this each bean has a black mark on it.

SNOW WHITE AND RED ROSE

A POOR wid-ow once lived with her two daugh-ters in a small lone-ly house. The two girls were so fair, and looked so much like ro-ses, that she called one of them Snow White, and the oth-er Red Rose.

They were as good girls as could be found, at all times cheer-ful, and full of love one for the oth-er. When they went out to walk they would go hand in hand; if one said, "We will nev-er part," the oth-er would say, "Nev-er, so long as we live," and what one had was al-ways shared with the oth-er. Oft-en they went to the woods to pick ber-ries, but no harm came to them; the hare would eat a leaf from their hands, the deer grazed at their side, and the birds sat on the boughs near



THE TWO SISTERS.

them and sang to them. They met with no mis-hap; and if night came on before they left the woods, they had no fear, but lay down on the moss and slept till dawn.

Snow White and Red Rose kept the house so clean that it was a treat to look at it. In the summer time, Red Rose swept the floor, and placed a fresh bunch of flowers by the side of her mother's bed each morning before she was up; and in the winter, Snow White made the fire and hung the kettle on the hook, where it shone like gold, so bright did the little maid keep it scoured.

In the evening, when the snow fell, the mother would say, "Go and bolt the door, Snow White," and then they would all sit by the fire, and the mother would read from a large book, while the girls spun.

One evening a knock was heard at the door as if some one wished to get in. "Quick, Red Rose," said the mother,



SNOW WHITE HANGING THE KETTLE

“go to the door; it may be some trav-el-er who looks for shel-ter.”

Red Rose o-pened the door think-ing to see a poor man, but in place of that a big black bear poked his head in. Red Rose screamed and ran back, but the bear be-gan to talk, and said, “Do not fear; I will not hurt you. I am well nigh dead with the cold, and wish to come in and warm my-self by your fire.”

“You poor bear,” said the moth-er, “lie down by the fire, but take care that you do not burn your fur.”

The girls soon lost their fear of the bear, and came near him. Then the bear said, “Get the broom, chil-dren, and brush the snow from my fur.”

They brought the broom, and brushed his fur till it was quite clean, and then he stretched him-self out in front of the fire. At last the girls be-gan to play with him, and pulled him a-bout by his fur as if he were a big dog.

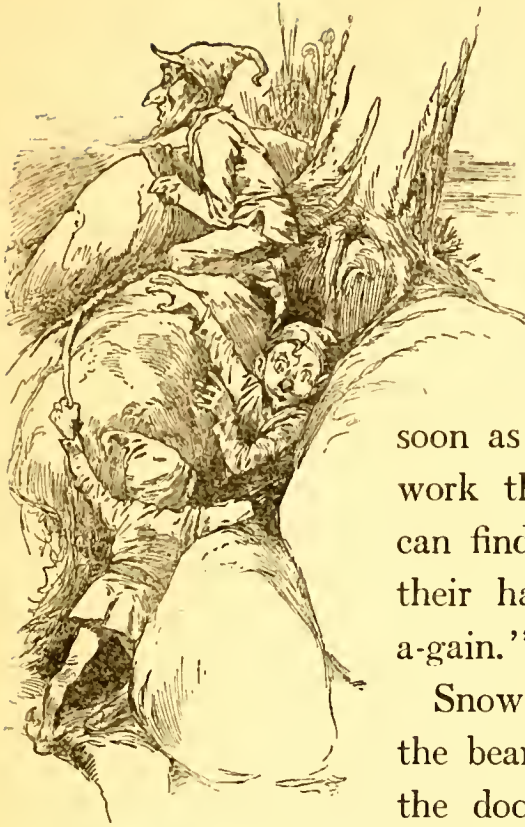
The bear staid all night, and at dawn the girls let him out, and he ran off o-ver the snow to the woods.

But each night at the same hour he came back to the house, lay down on the hearth, and let the chil-dren play with him for a while. They grew so used to his vis-its that the door was not locked till he came.

One day in spring, he said to Snow White, “I must go a-way now, and I shall not come back all sum-mer.”







DWARFS COMING OUT OF THE
GROUND.

“Where do you mean to go, dear bear?” she asked.

“I must go to the woods, and guard my treasures from the dwarfs. In the winter, when the frost makes the ground hard, they must stay down in the earth; but as soon as the sun melts the frost, they work their way up, and steal all they can find; and when a thing is once in their hands it is hard to get it back a-gain.”

Snow White felt sad to part with the bear. As she let him out through the door, his fur caught on a hook, and a piece of skin was torn off. Snow

White thought she saw some-thing gleam like gold un-der his skin, but was not sure, for the bear ran quick-ly off, and was soon lost sight of a-mong the trees.

Some time af-ter this, the girls went to the wood to get some sticks for the fire. They came to a tree which lay on the path, and saw that some-thing was spring-ing up and down on one of the boughs, but they could not tell what it was. When they came near-er, they saw a lit-tle dwarf, with an

old face, and a beard a yard long. The end of his beard had caught in a cleft in the tree, and he sprang a-bout like a dog that was fast to a string, for he did not know how to free him-self.

He glared at the girls, and cried, "Why do you stand there? Can't you come and help me?"

"What have you done?" asked Red Rose.

"You stu-pid goose!" he cried. "I wished to split some wood for my fire. I drove in a wedge, and all was go-ing on well, when the wedge slipped out, and the wood closed up so quick-ly that my hand-some white beard caught, and I can't draw it out. There, don't stand and laugh, you milk-faced things! Whew! how ug-ly you are!"

The girls tried to get his beard out, but could not. At last one of them said, "I will run and get some one to help us."

"Block heads!" he snarled. "Who wants more peo-ple? You are two more than I want now. Can you think of noth-ing else?"

"Don't be cross," said Snow White. "I can help you," and she took her shears out of her pock-et and cut off the end of his beard.

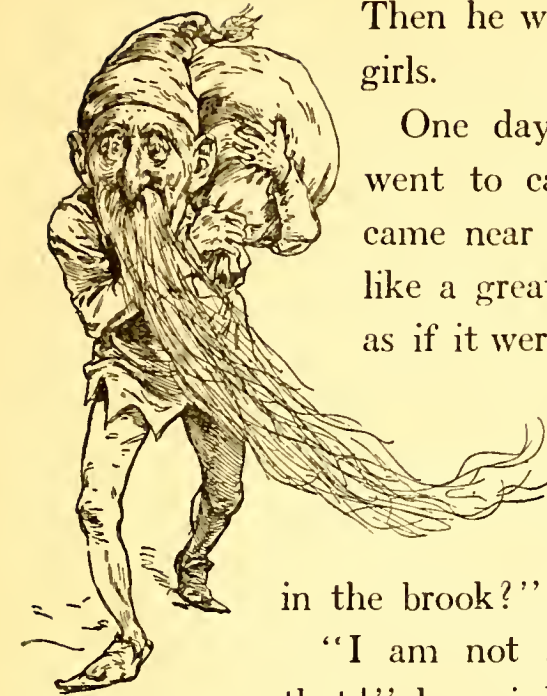
As soon as the dwarf felt that he was free, he seized a sack full of gold that he had hid a-mong the roots of the tree, put it up on his shoul-ders, and said, "Smooth-faced fools! to go and cut a piece of my beard. They will get their pay for it."

Then he went off with-out a glance at the girls.

One day Snow White and Red Rose went to catch a mess of fish. As they came near the brook, they saw some-thing like a great lo-cust hop-ping on the bank as if it were go-ing to jump in the stream.

They ran to it, and saw it was the same dwarf. “Why do you do that?” asked Red Rose. “Do you wish to jump in the brook?”

“I am not such a fool as to wish to do that!” he cried, “but this fish wants to pull me in.”



A SACK FULL OF
GOLD.

He had sat on the bank to fish, and his beard had been caught in the line, so that when a large fish bit at the bait, he had not strength to draw it out, but in place of that the fish was pull-ing him in-to the water. He clung to the reeds and grass, but it was of no use, for the fish pulled him where it would, and would soon have drawn him in-to the wa-ter.

The girls came just in the right time. They held him back, and tried to get his beard loose, but they could not do so as it and the line were so bad-ly tangled. There was noth-ing to be done but to cut off an-oth-er piece of the beard.

The dwarf was in a great rage. "You toad-stools!" he cried. "Now you have ruined my beard. It was not enough that you cut it once, now you must take the best part of it. I dare not show myself to my own folks again. I wish you may have to run till your shoe-soles come off for this."

Then he drew a bag of pearls from the reeds, and slipped away without saying another word.

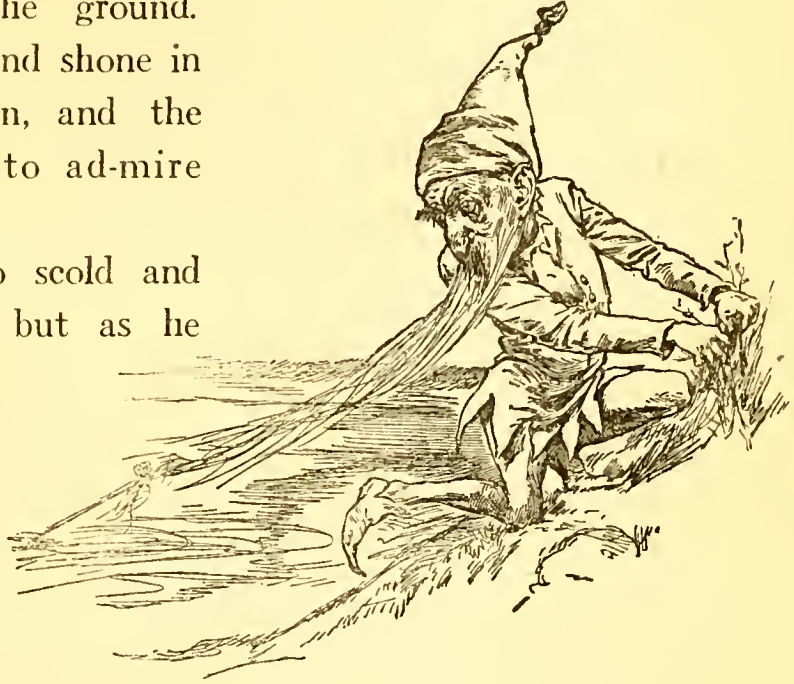
Not long after this, the mother sent the girls to the town to buy some pins, thread, and lace. Their road passed through a field on which, here and there, lay large stones and rocks. Up in the air they saw a great bird that flew round and round. It sailed lower and lower, and at last sank down by one of the stones. Just then the girls heard a scream, and running up to the bird, they saw that their old friend, the dwarf, had been seized by the bird, and was about to be carried off.

The kind girls laid hold on the dwarf, and held him fast till the bird gave up the contest and flew off. As soon as the dwarf got over his fright, he cried in his sharp voice, "Could you not have held me more gently? You have tugged at my fine brown coat till it is all in rags on my back." With no thanks, he picked up his bag of gems, and slipped into his den under the stone.

The girls were used to his way, and did not mind his abuse, but went on to town and bought what they had come for. On their way home they passed through the same field, and

came on the dwarf once more. He thought no one would pass at that late hour, and had come out of his den and spread out his gems on the ground. They gleamed and shone in the setting sun, and the girls stopped to admire them.

He began to scold and rage at them, but as he went on with his hard words and threats a big black bear rushed at him with a growl.



A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

The dwarf sprang up in a fright, but could not reach his den, the bear was too near.

Then he fell on his knees to the bear and cried, "O, dear, good Mr. Bear, spare me! I will give you all my gems. See, them there! Spare my life! Of what use would such a poor little thing be to you? You would not feel me between your teeth. There are two bad girls; take them. They are as fat as quails—eat them in place of me!"

But the bear paid no heed to his words; he struck him one



THERE STOOD BEFORE THEM A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN.

blow with his great paw, and he nev-er stirred a-gain. When the girls saw the bear, they star-ted to run a-way, but he called, "Snow White, Red Rose, have no fear! Wait, and I will go with you."

They knew his voice and stopped, but when he came up to them, his rough coat of fur fell off, and there stood be-fore them a hand-some young man, dressed in rich clothes.

"I am a king's son," he said. "The dwarf be-witched me, stole my treas-ures, and made me run in the woods as a wild

bear till I should be set free by his death. Now he has received his well-de-served re-ward.”

They went home, and not long after Snow White was married to the prince, and Red Rose to his brother. All the treasures which the dwarf had gathered in his den were shared between them, and they lived in great joy and peace for many years.

KING ROUGHBEARD

THERE was once a princess who was very fair, but so proud that she thought no man was good enough to be her husband. Kings and king's sons came to woo her, but she met them with scorn, and made game of them all.

Once the king, her father, gave a feast to which he asked all the young men he knew who were fit to be the husband of a princess. When they came they were set in a row, and the princess was led down the line, to make a choice; but she laughed at each one in turn. The one that she made the most fun of was a good young king, whom she named King Rough-beard, because his chin was not straight, and he had a rough beard.

Her father was angry with her; and when she sent the young men all away, told her she should have to marry the

the first tramp that came to the gate. The next day, a tramp, who sang in the streets for what folks would give him, came to the gate. The king called him in, and sent for the princess, and in spite of her tears made her marry the street singer, and then turned them both out of the house.

So the tramp led her off with him, and she had to trudge along the road on foot. When they reached the next kingdom, which was that of the prince she had called King Rough Beard, she sighed and wept, and said, "Oh that I had but married King Rough Beard when he wished me to!"

The tramp grew cross at this, and said, "Stop that! It does not please me that you should wish you had married some one else. Am I not good enough for you?"

By and by they came to a small, mean hut, and there they stopped. "This is my house," said the tramp, and then the princess wished again that she had married King Rough Beard.

The tramp told her she must keep house and cook the meals for him; but the princess had not learned how to do these things, and her husband had to do them himself.

At length he told her she must earn something, and he set her at work making baskets, but her hands were too soft to bend the hard twigs. Then he told her to spin, but the coarse thread cut her fingers and made them bleed. When he saw this, he sent her to the market with pots and pans to sell.



"THIS IS MY HOUSE." SAID THE TRAMP.

Her pride made this a hard task for the princess, but she was so fair to look at that folks bought from her. One day, though, a drunk-en soldier rode down the street on his horse,

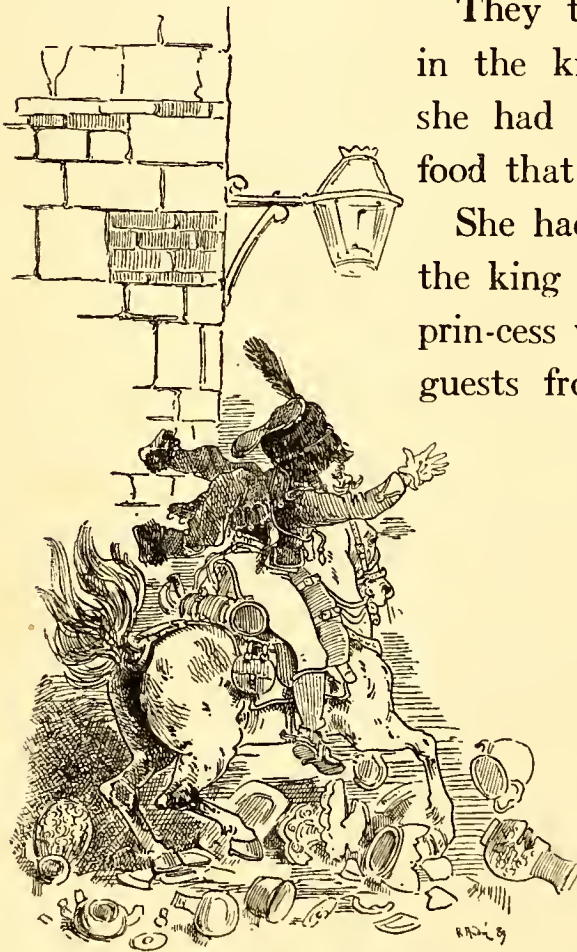
and plunged right in-to the midst of her wares, and broke the whole of them.

“I see you are not fit for such work,” said her husband. “But I will try one thing more. I have heard that they need a maid in the king’s kitch-en, and I will try to get the place for you.”

They took the prin-cess for maid in the king’s kit-chen, and for pay she had to take home the scraps of food that were left.

She had not been there long when the king gave a grand ball. The poor prin-cess went up-stairs to look at the guests from the door. As she stood there, the king saw her, and seized her hand, and asked her to dance. She drew back in a fright, for it was none else than King Rough Beard him-self, who had once been re-fused by her with scorn.

She tried to get a-way, but the king drew her in-to the ball-room. In the



THE DRUNKEN SOLDIER.

strife the band broke that held a bag in which were her scraps of food, and they were all thrown out on the ball-room floor.

She heard all the guests laugh, and rushed from the room in shame. On the steps a man caught her, and brought her back. When she looked at him, she saw it was King Rough Beard a-gain.

He looked at her kindly and said, "Do not fear. I and the tramp whom you married are one. My love for you led me to disguise myself. I was also the rude soldier that broke your wares. All this has been done to cure you of your pride."

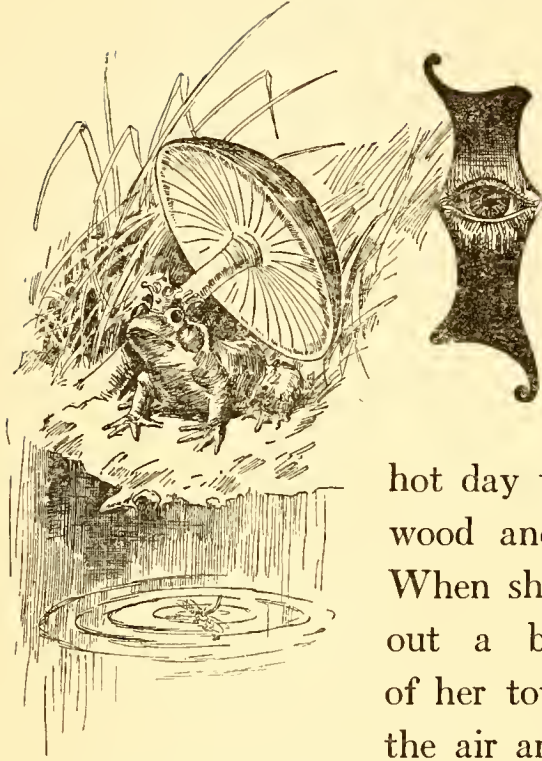
The princess wept, and said, "I have done a great wrong, and am not worthy to be your wife."

But the king said, "Do not weep. Those sad days are at an end; now we will have our wedding feast."

Then the maids came and dressed her in rich robes, and she was led out to meet her father, who had come with his whole court to wish her joy. Thus her trials came to an end, and never a-gain was she proud or haughty.



THE FROG PRINCE



IN OLD times, when folks had but to wish for things to get them, there lived a king who had three fair girls. Close by the king's castle lay a dark wood where there was a deep well or spring. One hot day the young-est girl went to the wood and sat down by the cool well. When she tired of sit-ting still, she took out a ball of gold, which was one of her toys, and be-gan to toss it up in the air and catch it.

But one time that she tossed it up, she missed it, and it rolled in-to the well. She felt so bad that she wept; but in the midst of her weep-ing she heard a voice say, "Why do you weep, Prin-cess? Your tears would melt a heart of stone."

She saw that it was a frog that spoke, and she said, "Oh, is that you, Mr. Frog? I weep for my gold ball, which fell in-to this well."

"Do not weep," said the frog. "I can bring up your ball,

but what will you give me if I do so?"

"Just what you wish," said she; "my gowns, my pearls or my gold crown."

"I do not care for those things," said the frog. "But if you will love me, and let me sit at meals with you, and eat from your plate, and drink out of your cup, and put me to sleep in your silk-en bed, I will bring it up for you."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I will do all you ask."

So the frog sank out of sight in the well, and soon came up with the ball in his mouth, and tñrew it on the grass. The prin-cess was so full of joy to see it that she snatched it up and ran off with it.

"Wait, wait," cried the frog. "Take me with you, I can't



THE PRINCESS AND THE FROG.

run as fast as you." But it was of no use, for croak as he might she would not wait, but made haste home, and soon put the poor frog quite out of her mind.

The next day, when she sat down to eat with the king and his court, a knock was heard at the door, and a voice cried, "Prin-cess, let me in!"

At this she ran to the door to see who was there, and when she o-pened it, she saw the frog. She turned pale, and shut the door, and went back to her seat. The king saw that she was in a fright, and he said, "My child, what ails you? Who is at the door?"

"It is a frog," said she.

"What does the frog want of you?"

The prin-cess had to tell the king what the frog had done for her. "You must keep your word," said the king. "Go to the door and let the frog in."

So she let the frog in, and he hopped straight to her chair, and said, "Lift me up by you." When she had done this, he ate from her plate, and drank out of her cup, to her great dis-gust.

Then the frog said he was tired, and asked the prin-cess to put him to sleep in her own silk-en bed. Then she cried, for she did not wish to put the cold, wet frog in her neat bed. But the king told her she must.

She took him up-stairs, and set him on the floor; but when

he still said she must put him in her bed, she was in such a rage that she seized the frog and flung him at the wall. "Now be still, you hor-rid frog," she said.

But as he fell to the floor, he was no more a frog, but a hand-some young prince. He told the prin-cess that he had been changed in-to a frog by a witch, and no one could set him free but her-self.

At the wish of the king, the prince stayed at the cas-tle. Of course he and the prin-cess fell in love with each oth-er at once, and be-fore long they were mar-ried.

THE GOOSE GIRL

THERE once lived an old queen who had one child, a fair, sweet girl. This prin-cess was to wed a king's son who lived a great way off. When the time came, the queen gave her much gold and gems, and a maid to wait on her and take her to the prince she was to wed. To each she gave a horse to ride, and that of the prin-cess was named Fa-la-da, and it could talk.

But the maid was false, and on the way she made the prin-cess get off her horse, and change her rich clothes for her own plain ones. Then by threats that she would kill her if she would not do so, she made the prin-cess take an oath that

she would not tell of the change that had been made. When they came to the end of their ride, the king's son came out to meet them, and took the maid from her horse as if she were his bride that was to be. He led her up the steps, while the true prin-cess was left in the court-yard. The king saw her there, and as he saw how sweet and fair her face was, and how soft and white her hands, he went in haste to ask the bride who it was she had brought with her.

“Oh! I brought her with me to serve me on the road,” said the false bride. “Give her some work to do, so that she may not waste her time.”

The king knew of no work to give her but to help a boy named Karl, whom he had to take care of geese. So the real prin-cess was made a goose girl.

The false bride was in fear that the horse, Fa-la-da, would tell on her, and she soon asked the prince to have it put to death. The prince told a man to kill the horse, but the real prin-cess heard of it, and gave the man a piece of gold to hang the head of the horse in an arch-way through which she had to drive the geese each morn-ing.

The next morn-ing, as she and Karl passed through the arch-way, she said to the head,

“O, Fa-la-da, hang-ing high!”

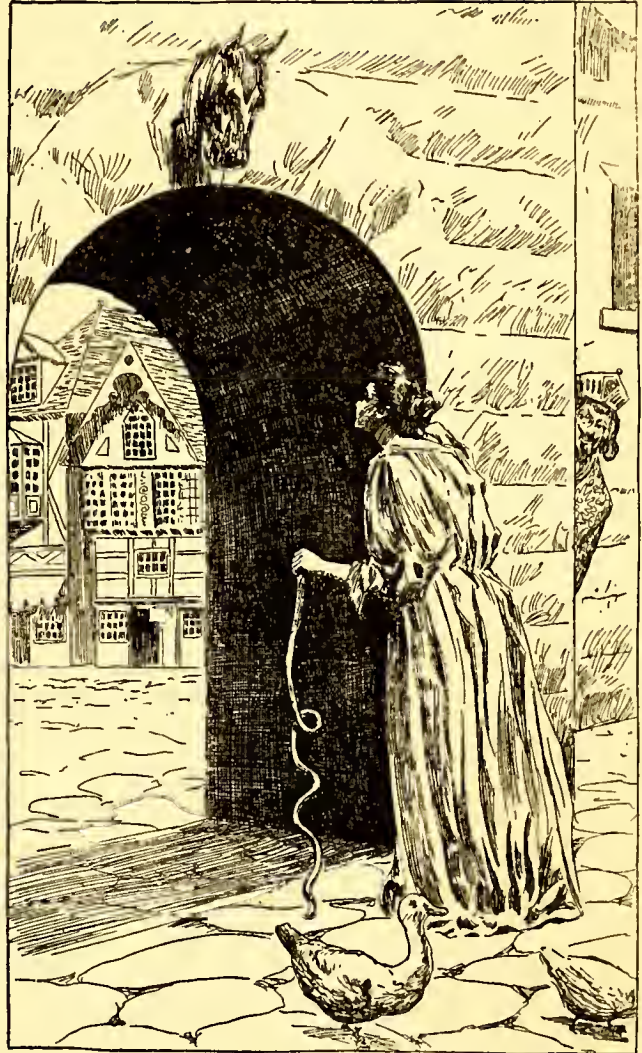
and the head said,

“O, young prin-cess, pass-ing by,
If thy fate thy moth-er knew,
Her fond heart would break for you!”

They went on to a field where the geese fed all day, and the prin-cess sat down and be-gan to comb her hair. It looked like pure gold, and Karl wished to pull some of it out. Then the prin-cess sang,

“Blow, blow, wind blow;
Take Karl’s hat in the air;
And do not let him catch it
Till I have combed my hair.”

A strong wind did take Karl’s hat, and he had to run to catch it. When he came back, the hair was all combed and put up. Then Karl was vexed, and would not speak to the goose girl. The next day the same things took place, and Karl was so vexed that when they reached



home, he went to the king and told him how the head of the horse spoke to the goose girl, and how she made the wind blow his hat off and he had to run to catch it. The king told Kari to go with her to the fields next day, and he him-self went and sat in the dark arch and heard what the horse's head said.

Then he went aft-er them to the fields, and hid in a bush, and there saw with his own eyes the goose girl and boy drive in their geese, and in a short time the girl took down her hair, that shone like gold, and he heard her say,

“Blow, blow, wind, blow ;
Take Karl's hat in the air ;
And do not let him catch it
Till I have combed my hair.”

Then the king felt a gust of wind come, which took off Karl's hat, so that he had to run a long way to catch it ; while the goose girl combed out her hair, and put it up in braids, be-fore he could get back.

The king went home, and that night sent for the goose girl, and told her all he had seen and heard, and asked her what it meant.

“That I dare not tell you,” she said. “My heart is full of woe, but I can tell the cause to no one, for I had to take an oath that I would not do so.”

“If you will not tell it to me,” said the king, “tell it to

that fire-place." And then he left her. The princess crept in the fire-place, and began to weep and pour out her heart. "Here sit I," she said, "the child of a king, yet a false maid took my royal clothes from me, and took my place as bride at the side of the prince, while I must go out and watch the geese. Oh, if my mother knew of this it would break her heart!"

But the king had stood near the door and heard all she said. He told her to come out, and had her dressed in rich clothes, and then she was so fair it was joy to look at her.

The king sent for his son and told him that he had the wrong bride, while the true bride was here, she who had been the goose girl.

The prince was glad when he saw how sweet and good she was, and a great feast was at once laid. The true bride was placed on one side of the prince, and the false one on the other. The false one was so puffed up with pride that she did not know the true one. When all were through at the feast, the king told the tale the princess had told in the fire-place, and then he asked the false bride what should be done to one that had been so wicked.

The false bride did not see that it was a trap for her, and she said, "Such a one should be put in a cask with spikes in it, and dragged up and down the streets by horses till she is dead."

“You are that one,” said the king, “and as you have said, so shall it be done.”

Then the prince wed his true bride, and they lived in great joy and peace.

RAPUNZEL

THERE lived once a man and his wife who wished much to have a child. At the back of their house was a garden full of choice green food, but there was a high wall all round it and no one dared to come near it, for a witch owned it, and all were in fear that she might cast a spell on them.

One day the wife saw some let-tuce in the garden, and it looked so fresh and green that she longed for some of it. She wished more and more for it each day, and at last grew quite sad for want of it. The man saw how she pined, and said, “What ails you, dear wife?”

“Oh, I shall die,” said she, “if I do not get some of that let-tuce that grows back of the house.”

“I will get some,” said he, “cost what it will.”

So that night he climbed o-ver the wall and got some. The wife liked it so well that she longed for more, and to give her rest the man went a-gain to get some. But this time the old witch caught him, and said, “How dare you come in my

place and steal my let-tuce?" You shall pay for this!"

"Oh," said he, "do not be so hard on me. I had to do it, for my wife wished so much for it that she would have died if she had not got it."

"Well, if that is true," said the witch, "you may have all you like, but you must give me a pledge that you will do one thing. If you should have a child, you must give it to me. I will do well by it, and give it as good care as your wife would."

"In his fear he said he would give the child to the witch. When weeks had passed, a child was born to them, and the witch came and claimed it. She called it Ra-pun-zel, and took it off with her.

Ra-pun-zel grew to be a fair girl, and had hair of great length. When she was twelve years old, the witch shut her up in a tow-er that had no stairs, and but one small win-dow at the top. When the witch wished to get in, she would say, "Ra-pun-zel, Ra-pun-zel! let down your hair." Then Ra-pun-zel would let her long hair down out of the win-dow, and the witch would climb up by it.

Some years went by, and one day a young prince came that way, and heard such a sweet voice sing from the tow-er that he had to stop. It was Ra-pun-zel, who sang that way to pass the time. The prince tried to get in-to the tow-er, but he could find no door.

He went home, but the song still rang in his ears, and



he came each day to hear it. Once, when he stood behind a tree, he saw the witch come, and cry, "Ra-pun-zel, Ra-pun-zel! let down your hair." Then he saw the hair let down, and the witch climb up by it.

The next day, he came to the tower and called, "Ra-pun-zel, Ra-pun-zel! let down your hair."

She let her hair down, and the prince at once climbed up. Ra-pun-zel was in great fear when she saw the young man. But the prince spoke to her kindly, and told her how he had heard her sing, and that he could not rest till he had seen her.

Ra-pun-zel lost her fear, and when he asked her if she would be his wife, she thought "He is better than the old witch, and she put her hand in his, and said, "Yes, I will go with you, but how am I to get down?"

Each time you come, bring with you a skein of silk, and I will weave it in-to a rope, and go down by it."

The prince said he would do this, and then climbed down and went home. But the old witch had seen him go. She was in a rage, and as soon as she had climbed up in the tower, she seized Ra-pun-zel's long hair, took a pair of shears, and snip! snap! off fell the fine braids to the floor. Then she sent her off to a hut in a lone-ly place, where she could see no one. When the prince came the next day, the old witch hung out Ra-pun-zel's hair for him to climb up by. When he got to the top, she cried, "Ah, the bird has left the nest! The cat took her off, and will now scratch your eyes out!" The prince was full of grief when he heard these words, and in his des-pair sprang from the win-dow. He was not killed, but the thorns on which he fell put out his eyes.

He roamed through the woods for a long time, mourn-ing for his lost bride, and eat-ing naught but roots and wild fruit. At last he came to the hut where Ra-pun-zel lived in want and grief.

As he drew near the place, he heard a voice that he thought he knew. He went to it, and Ra-pun-zel knew him, and ran to him, and threw her arms round his neck and wept. Two of her tears fell on his eyes, and his sight at once came back.

He led Ra-pun-zel a-way to his king-dom, where they were re-ceived with great joy, and lived long and hap-py lives.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS OF BREMEN

THERE was once an ass who for a long term of years had to take the bags to the mill. When his strength at last gave out, the man who owned him thought to sell him for his hide, but the ass saw that an ill wind was blowing, so one day he set out on the road to Bremen, where he thought he might play music in the town band.

He had gone but a mile or so when he met a dog, who gasped as if he had run a long way. "Why do you pant so?" asked the ass.

"A-las!" said the dog, "Now that I am too old and weak to join in the hunt, my master wished to kill me, so I ran away; but how am I to earn my bread?"

"Would you like to know? I am on my way to Bremen to join the town band. You might go with me, and take up music too. I will play the lute, and you can beat the drum." The dog said "Yes" to this, and they went on. They soon met a cat that looked very sad. "What ails you?" said the ass.

"How can one feel gay that has had a close shave for his life?" said the cat. "I am old, and I like better to sit by the fire than to go out and hunt mice, so my mistress tried to drown me. I got off, but how am I to find food?"

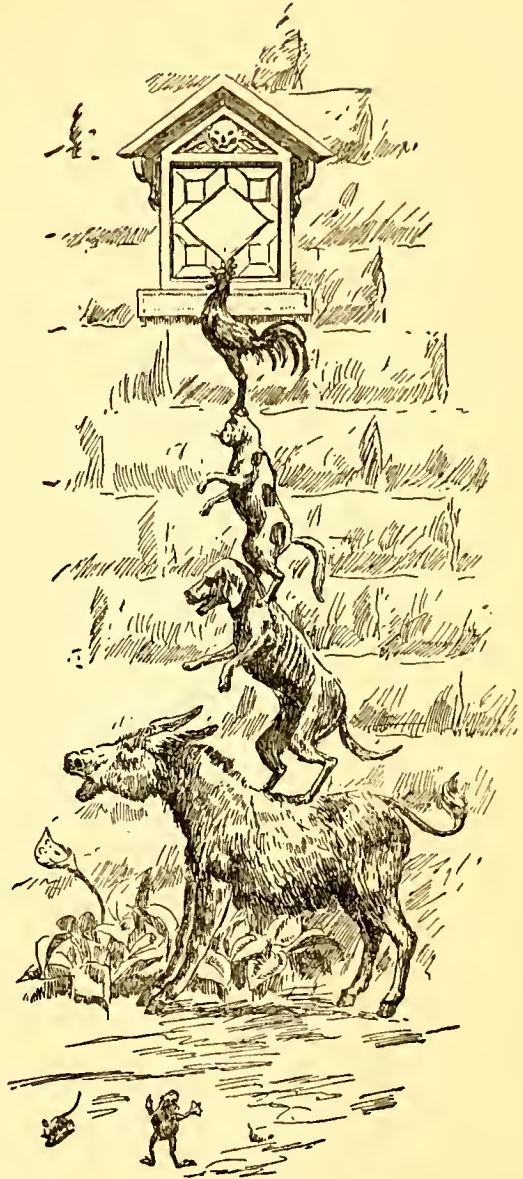
“Come with us to Bre-men, and join the town band,” said the ass.

The cat thought the plan a good one, and went with them. As they passed a farm-yard, they saw a cock that crowed with all his might. “Why do you make so much noise?” asked the ass.

“Why, I just heard the cook say she meant to make soup of me to-day; so I mean to crow at the top of my voice as long as I can.”

“You have a fine voice,” said the ass. “Come with us to Bre-men, and join the town band.”

The cock was pleased, and soon the four were on the way. But they could not reach Bre-men in one day, so when night came they stopped in a wood to rest. The cock flew to the top of a tree, and from there he saw a light in a house near by.



THE FOUR MUSICIANS.

He told the others, and the ass said they ought to go and see what sort of place it was. They went, and as the ass was the tallest, he looked in and saw some men at a table spread with fine food.

They all wished for some of the food, but did not know how to get it. At last they thought of a plan. The ass was to put his fore-feet on the window sill, the dog to spring on the back of the ass, the cat on the dog, and the cock was to perch on the cat's head. Then the ass was to bray, the dog to bark, the cat to howl, and the cock to crow, all at once. They did this, and then sprang through the window, and made the glass fly on all sides.

The men, who were a gang of thieves, sprang up in great fright, and fled for their lives. Then the four friends sat down and ate up the food. When all was gone, they put out the light, and lay down to rest. The ass lay down in the yard, the dog near the door, the cat by the fire, and the cock perched on a beam.

When it got late one of the thieves stole back to the house; and when he saw no light, and heard no noise, he went in. He saw the cat's eyes, as they shone in the dark, and thought they were live coals, so he stooped to light a match by them. But the cat flew at his face and scratched him, so he ran out at the door. But before he got out, the dog sprang up and bit his leg. As he passed the ass in the yard, the ass gave



THE GANG OF THIEVES.

him a kick, and all this time the cock kept up a loud "Cock-a-doo-dle-doo!" and clapped his wings with all his might.

The thief was scared near to death, and ran to tell the tale to his friends. "A witch sits in the house," he said. "She spat at me, and scratched me; a man stood by the door and ran a long knife in-to my leg; and out in the yard lay a black beast that struck me with a club, while up on the roof sat

the judge, who cried, 'Bring me the rogue;' so I got off as fast as I could."

From that time the thieves would not go near the house, and as the four friends liked it well, they made it their home for years.

THE THREE SPINNERS

THERE was once a pret-ty girl who did not like to spin, and her moth-er could not force her to do it, try as she might. At last the moth-er grew so cross that she struck the girl, and she set up in a loud cry that could be heard in the street.

Just then the queen went by, and when she heard the girl's screams she stopped and asked the moth-er why she beat her girl so hard. The moth-er did not like to tell her that the girl would not spin, so she said: "I whip her be-cause she will not cease to spin. She is al-ways at the wheel, and we are too poor to buy flax for her."

"I like to hear the wheel hum," said the queen. "Let her go with me to my cas-tle; I have lots of flax, and she can spin all she wants to."

The moth-er was pleased with this plan, and the girl went with the queen. When they reached the cas-tle, the queen

took her to three rooms full of flax, and said, "Spin this flax, and when it is done you shall be the bride of my son, the prince."

The girl was in a fright, for she knew she could not spin the flax in her life-time, e-ven if she worked day and night. As soon as the queen left her she be-gan to weep, and she kept this up for three days. On the third day the queen came in, and knew not what to think when she found that the girl had not yet spun as much as one thread. But the girl made a plea that she had felt so sad to leave her home that she could not work. The queen was pleased that she loved her home, but said she must now be-gin to work.

When the girl was a-loné, she knew not what to do. She went to the win-dow, and there she saw three wom-en. The first one had a broad flat foot, the next one had a large lip, and the third had a broad thumb. They asked her what was the mat-ter, and she told them. They said they would help her if she would ask them to her feast on the day she was to wed the prince, call them her aunts, and let them sit at her table.

"With all my heart," said the girl. "Come in and be-gin the work at once."

She let the strange wom-en in, and they be-gan to spin. One drew the thread and worked the wheel with her foot, an-oth-er wet the thread, while the third twist-ed it with her



"WHY HAVE YOU SO BROAD A FOOT?"

thumb. They had soon spun all the flax in the three rooms, and then went their ways.

When the queen found the flax all spun, she set the day for the wedding. The girl asked if her three aunts might come, and the queen said they might. So on the day of the feast the

three wom-en came, dressed in fine clothes. When the prince saw them, he said, "Oh, how came you to have such ug-ly aunts?"

He went up to the one with the broad foot and asked, "Why have you so broad a foot?"

"From treading the wheel," she said.

"Why have you so big a lip?" he asked the next one.

"From lick-ing the thread," she said.

"And why is your thumb so large?" he asked the third one.

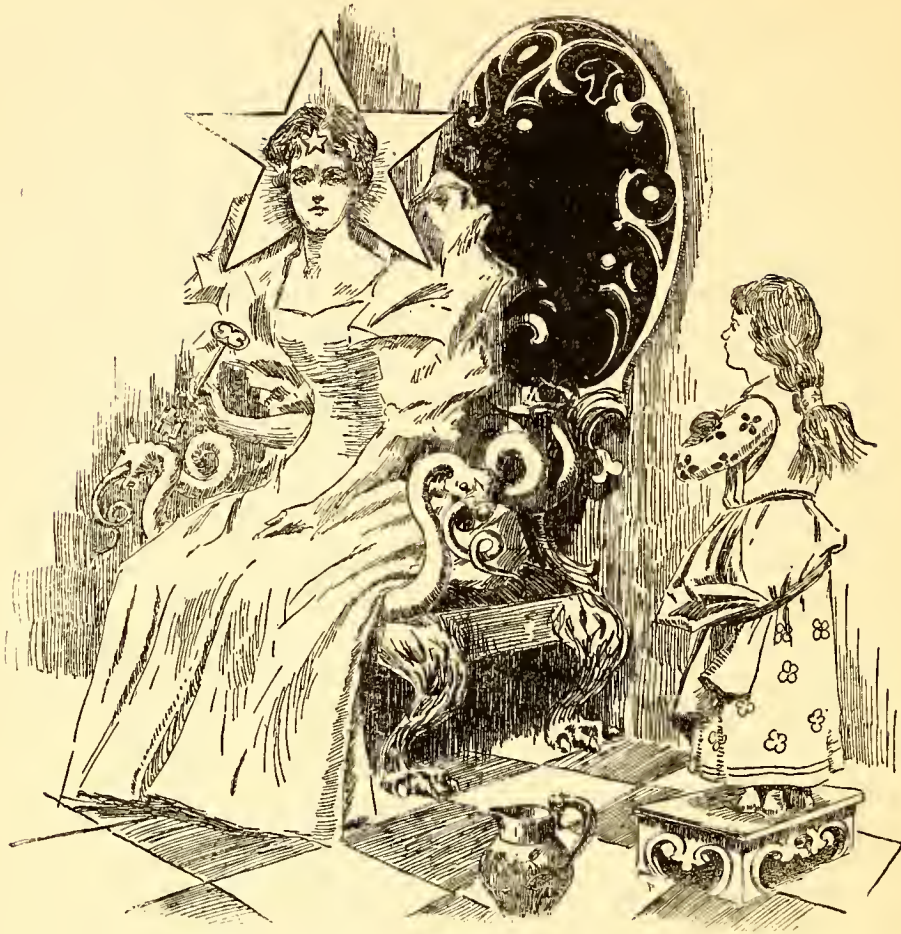
"From twist-ing the thread," she said.

The young prince then said that his pret-ty bride from hence forth must not touch a spin-ning wheel.

This was the girl's re-ward for having kept her word.

THE SEVEN CROWS

THERE was once a man who had sev-en boys, but no girl. At last a girl was born, but she was so weak and small that it was thought best to bap-tize her at once, lest she should die. The sev-en boys were sent to the well for wa-ter. Each wished to draw the wa-ter, and in their strife the pail fell in-to the well. Then they feared to go in the house, and the fa-ther grew cross be-cause they did not come. "I wish they would all change to crows," he said; and the words were



EACH STAR SAT ON A GRAND SEAT OF ITS OWN.

no more than out of his mouth, when the boys were changed to crows, and flew off.

This made the fa-ther grieve, but all the more did he love the girl, who soon grew strong and fair. When she be-came a big girl, she learned the fate of her broth-ers, and it made her sad.

At last she left home to try to find them, and break the spell that bound them. She went from one end of the earth to the oth-er, but she did not find her broth-ers. Then she came to the sun, but it was hot and scorched her, so she ran to the moon. But there it was so cold that she went to the stars, who were kind to her. Each star sat on a grand seat of its own, and the morn-ing star rose and gave her a key, say-ing, "If you do not have this key, you can not o-pen the ice-berg in which your broth-ers are shut up."

But the girl lost the key, and could not o-pen the ice-berg. She bent her fin-ger and put it in the door, and by good luck it un-locked it. When she en-tered, she saw a dwarf, who said, "My child, what do you seek?"

"I seek my broth-ers, the sev-en crows," she said.

"They are not at home," said the dwarf, "but if you wish to wait for them to re-t-urn, you may come in and sit down."

The girl wait-ed, and while she did so, she ate some food from each of sev-en plates which the dwarf had set for the crows, and drank from each of sev-en cups. In the last cup she dropped a ring which she had brought with her.

All at once she heard a whirr in the air, and the dwarf said, "The sev-en crows are now fly-ing home."

Soon they came in, and be-gan to eat and drink, each seek-ing his own plate and cup. Then one said to the oth-er, "Who has been eat-ing from my plate? Who has been drink-



"THE SEVEN CROWS ARE NOW FLYING HOME."

ing from my cup? There has been a hu-man mouth here."

When the sev-enth came to the bot-tom of his cup, the ring rolled out. He looked at it, and knew it as a ring that had be-longed to his par-ents, and said, "Can it be that our sis-ter is here? Then we are set free!"

When the girl, who had stood be-hind the door, heard these words, she stepped out, and at once the spell was bro-ken. The sev-en crows changed to sev-en fine young men, and they em-braced and kissed their sis-ter, and in great joy they all set out at once for their home.



LITTLE SNOWDROP

ONCE on a time in the depth of win-ter, when the flakes of snow fell like fea-thers from the clouds, a queen sat sew-ing at her pal-ace win-dow, which had a carved frame of black wood. While she sewed she pricked her fin-ger, and three drops of blood fell on the snow. The bright red looked so well on the white snow, that the queen thought, "Oh, that I had a child as white as this snow, as red as this blood, and with hair as black as the wood of this frame."

It soon came to pass that the queen had a girl child who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and with hair as black as the win-dow frame. She looked like a snowdrop, and hence was called by that name. And when the child was born, the moth-er died.

When less than a year had passed, the king took a new wife, who was most fair, but so proud that she could not bear to think that an-y one else came near her in beau-ty. She had a mag-ic glass, and when she stepped in front of it and said:

"Mir-ror, mir-ror on the wall,
Who's the fair-est one of all?"

it would say:

"Thou art the fair-est, la-dy queen."

Then she was pleased, for she knew the glass spoke the truth.

But as Snow-drop grew up, she became fair-er and fair-er till she reached the age of eight years, and then was more lovely than the queen. The queen was vexed and went to her glass :

“Mir-ror, mir-ror on the wall,
Who’s the fair-est one of all?”

The mir-ror re-plied :

“Thou wert the fair-est la-dy queen;
Snow-drop is fair-est now, I ween.”

The queen was shocked, and turned green with en-vy. From that hour the sight of Snow-drop filled her heart with hate; and the hate grew so strong and fierce that she had no rest night or day. At last she called a hunt-er to her, and said, “Take this child to the woods; I can not bear the sight of her. Kill her, and bring me her heart and tongue as a proof that you have done what I bid you.”

The hunt-er took the child to the woods, but when he drew his knife to kill her she begged him to spare her life. “I will run in-to the wilds, and not be seen an-y more,” said she.

This speech touched the man’s heart, and he took pit-y on her, and let her go. Just then a young boar came to the spot, and as soon as he saw it the man caught and killed it. Then

he took its heart and tongue, and brought them to the queen, and told her they were Snow-drop's.

But now poor Snow-drop was left a-lone, and knew not which way to turn. She ran through the woods, and saw some wild beasts, but none of them harmed her. She ran on till dark, and then she came to a small hut, in-to which she went. There was no one inside, but a table was set with food for sev-en per-sons.



THE QUEEN BEFORE HER MIRROR.

Snow-drop was in dire need of food, so she ate a small speck of what was on each plate, and drank a drop or two of wine out of each glass, for she did not wish to take the whole share of an-y one.

There were sev-en small beds ranged in a row, each cov-ered

with snow-white sheets. Then Snow-drop, because she was tired, lay down in one of the beds, but it did not suit; then she tried the next, but that was too long; the third was too short; the fourth, too hard; and so on till she came to the seventh, which was just right, so she tucked her-self up in it, and when she had prayed to God to take care of her, went to sleep.

By and by the lords of the house came home. They were seven dwarfs who delved all day in the hills for gold. They saw that some one had been in the room; that it was not just as they had left it. The first one said, "Who has sat in my chair?" The second, "Who has eat-en from my plate?" The third, "Who has nib-bled at my bread?" The fourth, "Who has been at my broth?" The fifth, "Who has used my fork?" The sixth, "Who has been cut-ting with my knife?" The seventh, "Who has drunk out of my cup?"

Then the first one, look-ing at his bed, saw that a dent had been made in it, and he cried out, "Who has stepped on my bed?" They all ran each one to his bed, and cried, one af-ter the oth-er, "Some one has been in my bed."

But the sev-enth one, on look-ing at his, saw Snow-drop. He called his broth-ers, who ran to the bed with their lamps in their hands.

They looked at her in won-der. "What a beau-ty she is!" they said; and they were so much pleased that they would not

wake her, but left her to sleep, and the sev-enth dwarf, in whose bed she was, slept one hour with each of his fel-lows, and so the night passed.

When Snow-drop woke in the morn-ing, and saw the dwarfs, she was fright-ened. But they were friend-ly, and asked her how she had come to their house. Then she told them how her step-moth-er would have had her killed, and how her life had been spared. The dwarfs told her that if she would keep house for them she might stay with them and should want for noth-ing.

“I will do all this glad-ly,” said Snow-drop, and so she stayed with them.

The dwarfs went out each day to dig for gold, and they told Snow-drop to take great care not to let a soul in the house while they were not there. “It will not be long,” said they, “till your step-moth-er will know you are here.”

The queen in the mean time had no thought but that Snow-drop was dead, and that once more she was the fair-est per-son in the world. She went to her glass one day and said:

“Mir-ror, mir-ror, on the wall,
Who’s the fair-est one of all?”

And it re-plied:

“Thou wert the fair-est, la-dy queen;
Snow-drop is fair-est now I ween.

A-mid the for-est dark-ly green,
She lives with dwarfs—the hills be-tween.”

Then the queen knew the hun-ter had not told her the truth. She thought and thought how she could kill Snow-drop, and at last she hit on a plan. She stained her face, and put on the dress of a ped-dler wom-an, and went o-ver the hills to the dwarfs’ house. She knocked, and Snow-drop looked out and think-ing she was some poor wom-an, let her in, and bought a stay-lace from her.

“Come,” said the old wom-an, “let me lace your pret-ty waist right,” and Snow-drop let her do so. But she drew the lace so tight that Snow-drop could not breathe, and fell down as if dead. Then the queen sped a-way.

When the dwarfs came home they found their dear Snow-drop ly-ing on the floor. They raised her up, and when they saw that she was laced too tight, they cut the stays, and in a short time she be-gan to breathe. When they heard what had ta-ken place, they knew the queen had been there, and they warned Snow-drop to take more care, and let no one come in the house when they were not with her.

When the queen reached home, she went to her glass and said the same words:

“Mir-ror, mir-ror, on the wall,
Who’s the fai-est one of all?”

and it re-plied once more :

“Thou wert the fair-est, la-dy queen,
Snow-drop is fair-est now, I ween.
A-mid the for-est, dark-ly green,
She lives with dwarfs — the hills be-tween.”

Her rage was great, and she set her wits to work a-gain to plan Snow-drop's death. By the aid of witch-craft, she made a poi-soned comb, and dressed as an old wom-an, and set out once more o-ver the hills. She knocked at the door of the dwarfs' house, call-ing, “Nice goods for sale !”

Snow-drop peeped out and said, “You need not stop here, I shall let no one in.”

“But still you may look,” said the old wom-an, and she held up the comb. The child was so much pleased with the pret-ty comb that she for-got her fears and o-pened the door.

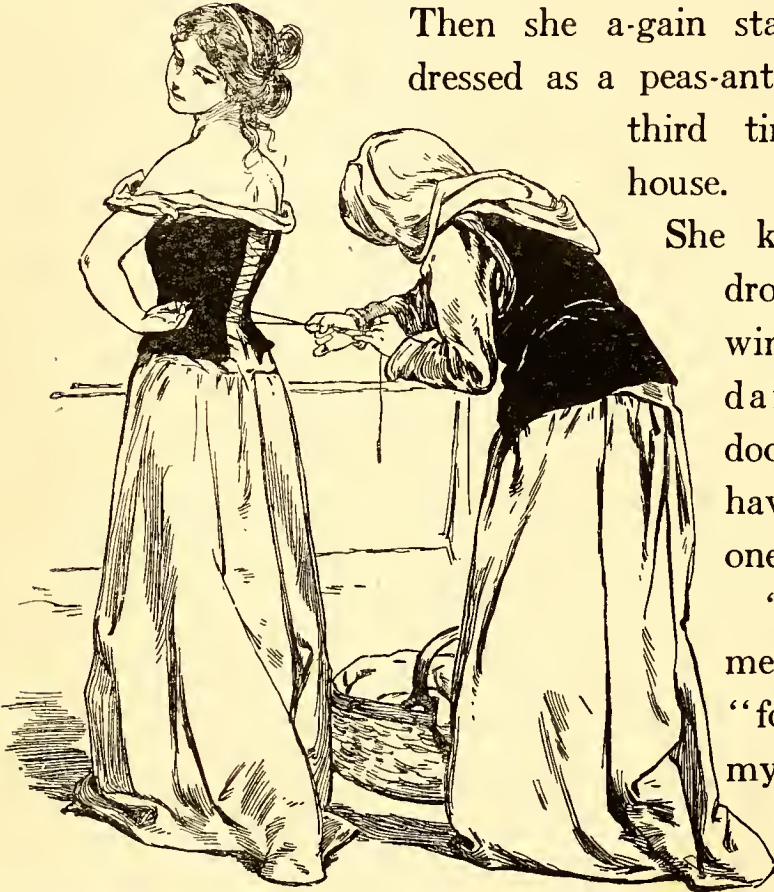
“Now,” said the ped-dler, “let me show you how to use it,” and she be-gan to comb Snow-drop's hair. The poi-son worked at once, and Snow-drop fell to the floor sense-less.

By good luck, the dwarfs soon came home ; and when they saw Snow-drop ly-ing on the floor, they knew the step-moth-er had been there a-gain. As they raised Snow-drop they saw the comb in her hair, and as soon as they drew it out she re-vived.

When the queen reached home she went a-gain to her glass, and got from it the same re-ply as twice be-fore. This made

her wild with rage. "Snow-drop shall die," she cried, "e-ven if it cost me my life."

She went to a se-cret room which no one else could en-ter, and there made a dead-ly poi-soned ap-ple. Then she a-gain stained her face, and dressed as a peas-ant's wife, and went a third time to the dwarfs' house.



SNOWDROP LETS THE DISGUISED QUEEN LACE HER WAIST.

She knocked, but Snow-drop looked out of the win-dow and said, "I dare not o-pen the door, for the dwarfs have told me to let no one in."

"That is hard for me," said the wom-an, "for I must take back my ap-ples, but there is one which I will give you;" and she held up an ap-ple.

"No," said Snow-drop, "I dare not take it."

"What! are you a-fraid of it?" cried the old wom-an. "There, see, I will cut it in two, and you can have the red

half and I will take the white.” The apple had been made so that the red side alone was poisoned. Snow-drop longed for the fruit, and when she saw the woman eat her half, she could not resist, but took the poisoned part.

She took but one bite, and fell down dead. The queen looked at her with cruel eyes, and laughed. “The dwarfs will not be able to rouse you this time,” she said.

And when she reached home, and went to her glass, it answered:

“Thou art the fairest, lady queen.”

When the dwarfs came home they tried all means to bring Snow-drop to life, but this time she seemed to be dead beyond recall. They laid her on a bier, and sat by her and wept for three days. They would have buried her, but she looked so fair and life-like they could not bear to put her in the earth. So they had a case made of clear glass, in which one could view the body from all sides, and in this they placed her. Then they put the glass case upon the ledge of a rock, and one of them always stayed by it to watch.

Snow-drop lay in the case a long time and showed no signs of decay. By and by a young prince passed through the woods one day and saw the case on the rock, and the fair girl within it.

When he had looked at it, he said to the dwarfs: “Let me



THEN THEY PUT THE GLASS CASE UPON THE LEDGE OF A ROCK.

have this case and I will pay you what you like for it.”

The dwarfs said, “We will not sell the case for all the gold in the world!”

But when they saw that the prince loved Snow-drop tru-ly,

they gave him the case. The prince had his ser-vants lift it and take it a-way. As they went through the woods, one of the men stum-bled, and the jar caused the piece of poi-soned fruit to roll out of Snow-drop's mouth. Soon she o-pened her eyes, raised the top of the case and sat up.

“Where am I?” she cried.

“You are with me,” said the prince, full of joy, and he told her all that had come to pass. “You are more dear to me than all else in the world. Come with me to my fath-er's pal-ace and be my wife.”

Snow-drop loved the kind young prince, and went with him and soon af-ter their mar-riage took place with great splen-dor.

Snow-drop's step-moth-er was asked to the wed-ding, and when she was dressed in her fine clothes to go, she went to her glass and asked:

“Mir-ror, mir-ror on the wall,
Who's the fair-est one of all?”

and it re-plied:

“Thou wert the fair-est, la-dy queen;
The prin-ce's bride is more fair, I ween.”

In her an-ger the queen at first thought she would not go to the wed-ding, but in the end she could not re-sist her wish to see the bride.

As soon as she en-tered she knew Snow-drop, and in her

rage and fear seemed rooted to the spot. Just then a pair of red-hot iron shoes were brought with tongs and set in front of her, and these she was forced to put on and dance in till she fell down dead.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

ONCE on a time there lived a fish-er-man and his wife in a poor small hut near the sea. Each day he went out to fish, and there he sat with his rod and looked at the sea.

One day his line went deep, deep down, and when he drew it up there was a fine young fish at the end. The fish spoke to him, and said, "Let me go, I pray you, fish-er-man; I am not a real fish, but a prince on whom a witch has cast a spell. What use shall I be to you if you pull me up? I should not taste well, and you could not eat me. Put me back in the sea and let me swim."

"Well," said the man, "you need not make such a fuss. I have no use for a fish that can talk, so you may go back at once in-to the sea." With these words he threw it in-to the wa-ter, and it swam off. Then the man got up and went home to his wife.

"Hus-band," said his wife, "have you caught no fish to-day?"

“Oh, I caught one,” said he, “but it said it was not a fish but a prince, so I threw it back in-to the sea.”

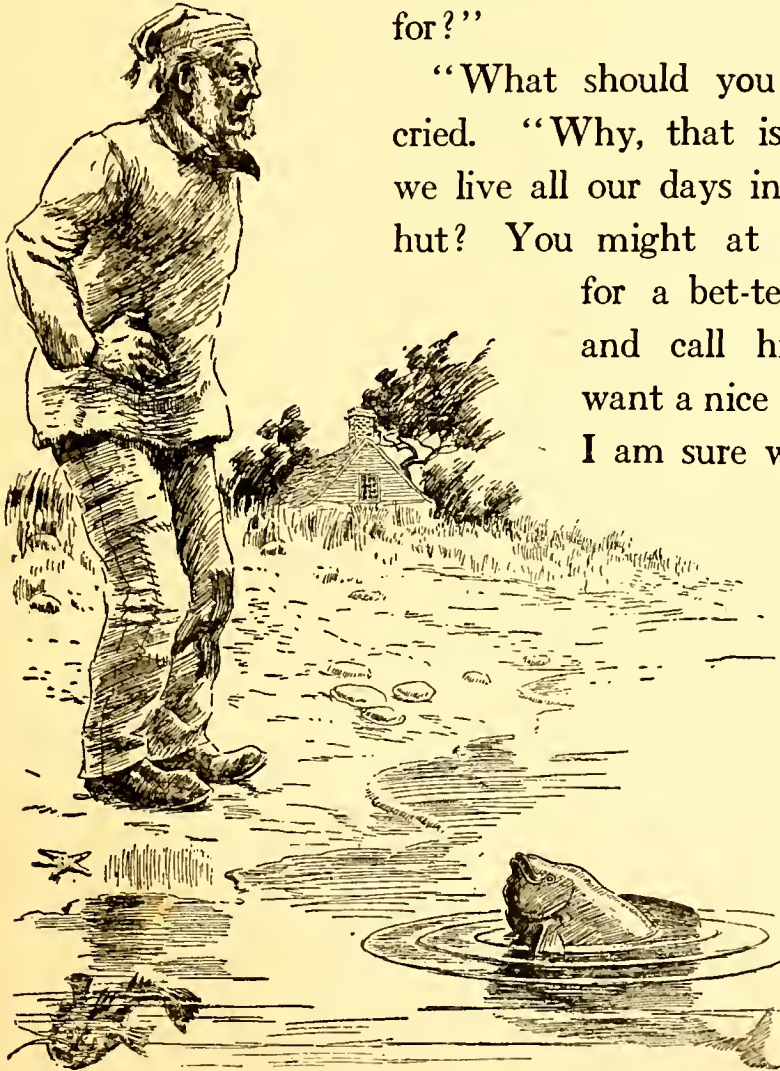
“Did you not wish first?” she asked.

“No,” said he, “what should I wish for?”

“What should you wish for?” she cried. “Why, that is too bad! Must we live all our days in this small mean hut? You might at least have asked for a bet-ter hut. Go back and call him, and say we want a nice neat cot-tage, and I am sure we shall get it.”

“Why, how can I pay for it?” asked the man.

“Pay for it!” said his wife. “Did you not catch the fish, and then let it go. Be quick, and ask for this, and he is sure to give it to you.”



“WHAT DO YOU WANT?”

The man did not like to go, but it was of no use to op-pose his wife. So he went once more down to the sea, -which was not so smooth as it had been be-fore. He called the fish, and it swam up to him and asked, "What do you want?"

"Oh," said the man. "because I caught you and let you go, my wife says I ought to have wished. She sent me back to ask for a small neat cot-tage in place of our poor hut."

"Go home," said the fish, "she has it now."

So the man went, and as he drew near his home, the hut was gone, and in its place stood a clean cot-tage, at the door of which his wife sat on a bench. She took him by the hand and said, "Come in now and see if this is not much bet-ter."

So they went in, and in the cot-tage there was a nice room with a fire-place in it, a bed-room with a soft white bed, a store-room full of good things, and a kitch-en fit-ted up with the best of tin and brass-ware.

"See," said the wife, "is it not nice?"

"Yes," said the man, "and it will stay so; now let us be con-tent-ed."

"We will see a-bout that," said the wife, and they went to bed.

The wife was pleased for a while, but when she thought of the quick-ness with which her wish had been grant-ed, she felt sad that she had not asked for more. At last she be-gan to tease her hus-band to go and call the fish a-gain, and ask him



for a large farm-house.

The man did not want to go. He thought the cot-tage was large e-nough, but his wife gave him no peace, and at length he went to the sea, called the fish, and told him his wife want-ed a large farm-house.

“Go home,” said the fish, “and you will find that she has ob-tained her wish.”

The man found the words of the fish true, but the wife did not stay pleased long. She wished for some-thing still more grand, and kept send- ing the man to the fish to ask, first that she might live in a stone cas-tle, and then that the cas-tle might be changed in-to a pal-ace and she be a queen, and then that she might be an em-press. Each time the fish gave her her wish,



THE 'CASTLE IS CHANGED INTO A PALACE.

but each time the sea grew more rough, and the clouds more black.

At last there was no high-er rank on earth for which the wife could wish, and she could not sleep for think-ing what else to ask for. She rose at dawn, and looked out of the win-dow, and saw the sun rise. "Why should not I make the sun and moon rise?" she thought, and she made the man go to the fish and say that she wished to rule the sun and moon.

When the fish was told of this mad wish, a fierce storm burst forth, and while the man stood trem-bling he heard the fish say, "Go home; you will find her once more in her hut."

And there she staid for the rest of her days.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

ONCE on a time there lived a king and a queen who were sad be-cause they had no child. At length, when years had gone by, they had their wish—a girl child was born to them, and their joy knew no bounds.

The king to show how pleased he was, gave a feast when the child was named, so grand that none like it had been seen up to that time. He asked all the fai-ries that could be found in the land to come to the feast, so that each might give the ba-by prin-cess some choice gift, as was the way with good



THE OLD FAIRY ARRIVES.

fai-ries in those days. When they sat down to the feast there was set in front of each fai-ry a dish of pure gold, set with rich gems, as well as a plate, knife, fork, and spoon of gold. But just as they took their

seats, in-to the hall came an old fai-ry who had not been asked, be-cause two score of years past she had gone off on a long trip, and had not since been heard of till this day.

The king had a place made for her, but plain ware had to be put on for her, as but sev-en of the gold sets had been made. The old fai-ry looked on this as a slight, and made some dire threats in a low voice. A young fai-ry who sat near her, heard how she found fault, and feared she might give the child some e-vil gift ; so she went and hid be-hind the hang-ings,

so that she might speak last, and thus un-do, as far as she could, the harm the old fai-ry might try to bring to pass.

When the feast drew near its end the sev-en good fai-ries be-gan to be-stow their gifts on the child. The first wished that she might be good: the sec-ond, that she might be wise; the third, that she might be fair, and so on, till well nigh all good things that could be wished for had been giv-en.

Then the old fai-ry's turn came. She walked to the mid-dle of the room, and with raised hand cried out, "My gift to the child is—that when she is fif-teen years old, she shall pierce her hand with a spin-dle, and die of the wound." Then she turned, went out of the hall, and was seen no more.

Her aw-ful gift put all in a fright, and the king and queen and all the court be-gan to cry and weep.

But the young fai-ry who had staid be-hind the hang-ings now came forth. She could not un-do in full the work of the old fai-ry, but she could make the doom of the prin-cess less hard. "She shall not die." she said, "but a deep sleep shall fall on her, which shall last a hun-dred years."

To save his child from this sad fate, the king caused all the spin-dles in the land to be burnt. As the child grew up, all the good wish-es of the fai-ries came true; she was fair, wise, and good, and was loved by all who knew her.

It came to pass that on the day that she was fif-teen years old, the king and queen were not at home, and she was left

to roam at will through the cas-tle. She seized the chance to see parts of it in which she had nev-er been be-fore, and went from room to room till she came to an old tow-er. She went up the stairs till she came to a small door. She turned the key, the door flew o-pen, and there in the room sat an old wom-an spin-ning flax.

“How do you do, my good old la-dy?” said the prin-cess. “What are you do-ing?”

“I am spin-ning,” said the wom-an.

“What is that queer thing that flies round so fast?” asked the prin-cess, and she took the spin-dle in her hand as if she too would spin. She had no more than touched the spin-dle when the bad wish came true—the point of the spin-dle pricked her hand, and she fell back as if she were dead on a bed that stood near. At the same time a deep sleep fell on all in the cas-tle.

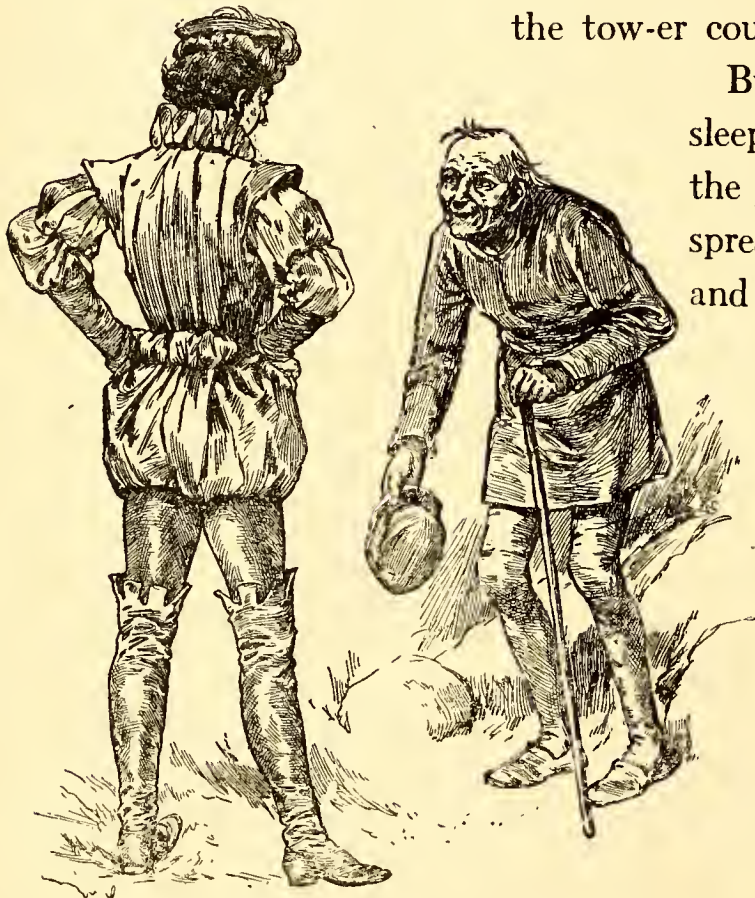


BEHIND THE HANGINGS.

The king and queen, who had just come in, went to sleep in the hall, and all their suite with them. The beasts in their stalls, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall, yes, and e-ven the fire on the hearth, all ceased to stir and went to

sleep. The meat stopped roast-ing, and the cook, who had raised his hand to cuff the boy who helped him, dropped his arm and went to sleep too. The wind died down, and not a leaf stirred on the trees near the cas-tle.

Soon a thick hedge of thorns sprang up, and grew so high, as years passed, that it hid the cas-tle from sight, and not so much as the flag that waved from the tow-er could be seen.



THE OLD MAN AND THE PRINCE.

But the tale of the sleep-ing Bri-er Rose, as the prin-cess was called, spread through the land, and from time to time sons of kings tried to reach the cas-tle; but one and all failed, for the thorns held them, as if by hands, and the young men died there be-cause they could not get free.

Years and years passed, and an-

oth-er king's son came to that part of the land. An old man who lived near the hedge told him of the cas-tle and the fair prin-cess, called Bri-er Rose, who had slept in it for a hun-dred years, and with her the king and queen and all their court. The old man told him too how he had heard from his grand-fa-ther of the young men who had lost their lives try-ing to pierce the hedge. The young prince cried out, "I have no fear. I will find the fair Bri-er Rose."

The good old man tried to talk him out of it, but he would not hear a word.

Just at that time came the last day of the hun-dred years when Bri-er Rose would wake from her sleep. As the prince drew near the hedge, in place of thorns he saw on-ly flow-ers. In the court-yard he saw the hor-ses and dogs as they lay sleep-ing. He went in the cas-tle; all was still, the flies slept on the wall, the cook, and near him the kitch-en boy, and the maid, all slept.

He went on and in the hall he found the court-iers sleep-



THE SLEEPING COOK.

ing and near the throne lay the king and queen. He went from room to room, but heard no sound. At last he came to the room in the tower in which the princess was sleeping.

He opened the door: there she lay, looking so fair he could not take his eyes from her. He stooped and kissed her; at this Bri-er Rose opened her eyes, woke up, and smiled at the prince.

Hand in hand they went out of the tower. They found the king and queen and all the courtiers awake, and staring one at another in surprise, and the whole castle was once more in motion as if nothing had occurred, for the hundred years of sleep had made no change in any one.

By and by there was a grand wedding. The young prince made Bri-er Rose his wife, and they lived full of joy to the end of their days.

THE CAT WHO MARRIED A MOUSE

ONCE on a time there was a cat who made friends with a mouse, and talked so much to her of the love he had for her that at length she agreed to be his wife and keep house for him.

“We must lay in a stock of food,” said the cat, “so that I shall not have to go out when it storms. You must not

stir out at all, for fear you may get caught in a trap.”

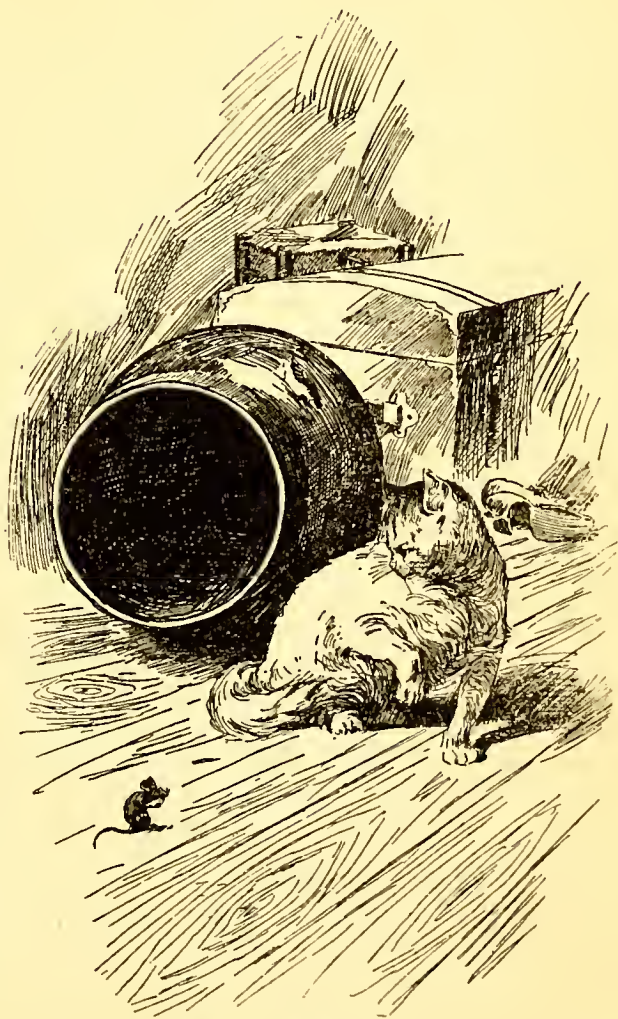
So he went out and bought a jar of fat, and put it in the church. “I am sure no one will dare to steal it from there,” said he, “and we will not touch it till we need it.”

But in a short time the cat began to long for it, and he said to the mouse, “I have a friend who means to christ-en a son at the church to-day, and I wish to be there.”

“Oh, yes! go, by all means,” said the mouse. What the cat said was not true, he had no friend at the church. But he went there and ate the top off the jar of fat. He went home at the end of the day, and the mouse asked him what name they gave the child.

“*Top-off*,” said the cat.

“Why, that is a strange



“SAY ONE WORD MORE AND I WILL EAT YOU.”

name!" said the mouse. "It is the first time I have heard such a name in my life."

The cat soon began to long for some more of the fat. "I must leave you once more," he said to the mouse. "I have been asked a-gain by a friend to see a child named."

The mouse said "All right," so the cat crept behind the wall to the church a-gain, and ate the fat till the jar was not more than half full. "How nice a thing tastes when one eats it by one's self," he said, and he was well pleased with his day's work.

When he came home, the mouse asked what name they gave this child.

"*Half-out*," said the cat.

"That is a strange name too," said the mouse.

It was not long before the cat went to the church a third time, and ate up all the fat. When he came home and the mouse asked the name of the child, he said, "*All-out*."

"That is the strangest name of all," said the mouse.

It got cold, and food was scarce. "Come," said the mouse, "let us go to our jar of fat now; it will taste good to us."

"Yes, indeed, it will," said the cat. "It will taste just as if you stuck your fine little tongue out of the window."

They set out at once, and when they came to the church, there stood the jar, but no fat in it.

"Ah!" said the mouse, "now I can see what it all meant

as clear as day; you are in-deed a true friend! There was not a word of truth in what you said. You ate it all when you went to the church; first *Top-off*, then *Half-out*, then—”

“Say one word more and I will eat you too,” said the cat.

“*All-out*” was on the tip of her tongue, and before the poor mouse could stop, it came out. The cat made a spring, seized her, and put an end to her.

And this you will learn is quite the way of the world.

CLEVER HANS

ONE day Hans's moth-er saw him go-ing a-way, and she asked him, “Where do you mean to go, Hans?” “To Greth-el's” said Hans. “Well, act right. Hans.” “I will take care; good-by, moth-er.” “Good-by, Hans.”

Then Hans came to Greth-el. “Good day,” said he. “Good day,” said Greth-el. “What have you brought me, Hans?” “I have not brought a thing. Have you some-thing to give me?” Greth-el gave Hans a pin. “Good-by,” said he. “Good-by, Hans.”

Hans took the pin, stuck it in a load of hay, and walked home be-hind the cart. When he got home he said, “Good eve-ning, moth-er.” “Good eve-ning, Hans. Where have you been?” “To Greth-el's.” “What did you give Greth-el?”

“Noth-ing, but Greth-el gave me a pin.” “And where have you put it?” “In the load of hay.” “You should not have done that, Hans; you should have stuck it in your sleeve.” “Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time.”

The next time, Greth-el gave Hans a knife. When he reached home his moth-er asked, “What did you get this time, Hans?” “A knife,” said Hans. “And where did you put it?” “In my sleeve.” “You should not have done that, Hans; you should put knives in your pock-et.” “Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time.”

Hans soon went a-gain to Greth-el’s, and Greth-el gave him a young goat. He tied its legs and put it in his pock-et, and just as he reached home it died for want of air. His moth-er asked, “What did you get this time, Hans?” “A goat.” “And where did you put it Hans?” “In my pock-et.” “You should not have done that, Hans; you should have tied it with a rope and led it home.” “Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time.”

The next time Greth-el gave Hans a piece of pork. Hans took the pork, tied it with a rope, and swung it to and fro so that the dogs came and ate it up. When he reached home he held noth-ing but the rope in his hand. His moth-er asked, “What did you get this time, Hans?” “A piece of pork.” “Where did you put it?” “I tied it with a rope, swung it to and fro, and the dogs came and ate it up.” “You should



THE DOGS EAT UP HANS'S PIECE OF PORK.

have car-ried it on your head.” “Is that so? Well, I will do that the next time.”

The next time Greth-el gave Hans a calf. He set the calf on his head, and it kicked him in the face. When he told his moth-er of it, she said, “You should not have done that, Hans, you should have led the calf home and put it in the stall.” “It that so? Well, I will do that next time.”

The next time he went to see Greth-el, she said she would go home with him. He put a rope round her neck, led her home, and tied her in the stall. When his moth-er asked him

what he had brought this time, he said, "I brought home Greth-el her-self." "And where have you left her?" "I tied her with a rope, put her in the stall, and threw in some grass." "You did not act right, Hans; you should have cast sheep's eyes at her." "Is that so? Well, I will do that now."

So Hans went to the barn, took all the eyes out of the sheep, and threw them in Greth-el's face. That made Greth-el so cross that she broke loose, ran a-way, and be-came the bride of some one else.

THE WEDDING OF MRS. FOX

ONCE on a time there was a fox who had nine tails. One day he took it in-to his head to play a trick on his wife, and by means of it find out how fond she was of him. So he laid him-self out on a bench, and kept as stiff and still as if he were dead. Mrs. Fox felt quite sad when she found him, and went to her room and shut her-self in, leav-ing the house in charge of her maid, a young cat.

The news spread that Mr. Fox was dead, and it was not long be-fore there was a knock at the door. The maid went to the door, and saw there a fine young fox, who asked, "Is Mrs. Fox in?"

The maid said, "She is so full of grief for her hus-band,

that she stays in her room, and will see no one. If you wish to send word to her, you must tell me what it is."

"All right," said the fox. "Go and tell her that a young fox has come to woo her."

Up stairs goes the cat, pit-pat! pit-pat! She knocks at the door, rat-tat-tat! rat-tat-tat! "Are you there, Mrs. Fox?"

"Yes, my dear, good cat," said Mrs. Fox.



A FINE YOUNG FOX COMES,
AND ASKS. "IS MRS. FOX IN?"

“There is a young fox down-stairs, come to woo you.”

“What does he look like?” asked Mrs. Fox. “Has he nine fine tails, like my poor dead hus-band?”

“Oh, no,” said the maid, “he has but one.”

“Then I will not have him,” said Mrs. Fox.

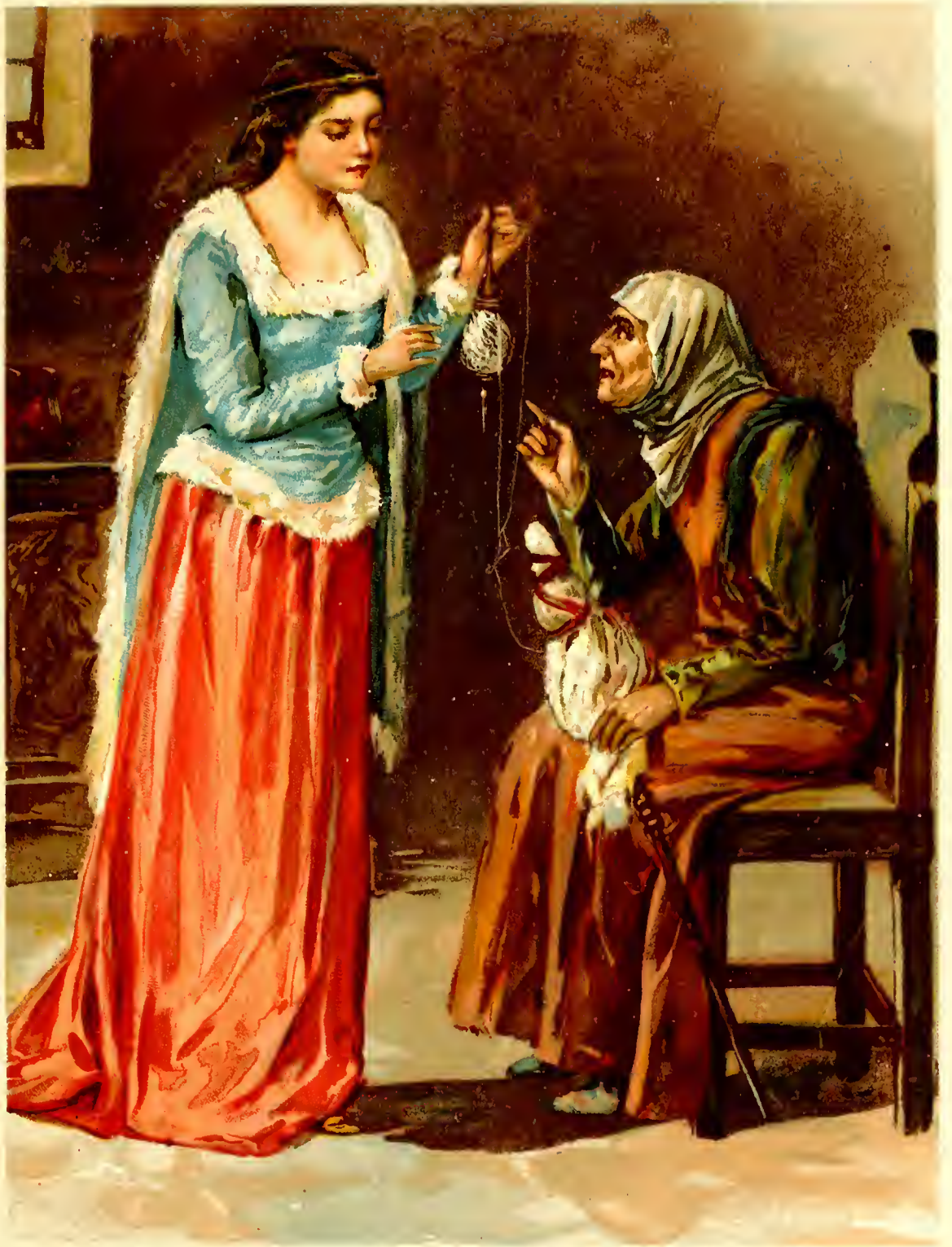
So the cat went down and sent the fox off; but soon came a sec-ond tap at the door, from a fox who had two tails, and wished to woo Mrs. Fox. His fate was the same as that of the first one.

Then came six more, one at a time, each with one tail more than he who came be-fore him, but they were all sent off. But at last came a fox who had nine fine tails, like the dead one. When Mrs. Fox heard of it, she said, full of joy, to the cat, “Now you may o-pen wide the win-dows and doors, and turn the old fox out of the house.”

But just then the old fox roused from his sleep on the bench, and beat the whole lot of them, his wife and all, till he drove them out of the house.

SECOND TALE

WHEN old Mr. Fox died, a wolf came to the door and knocked, and the cat, who was maid to Mrs. Fox, went to the door. “Good-day, Miss Cat,” he said. “How does it come to pass that you are a-lone? Is Mrs. Fox not at home?”

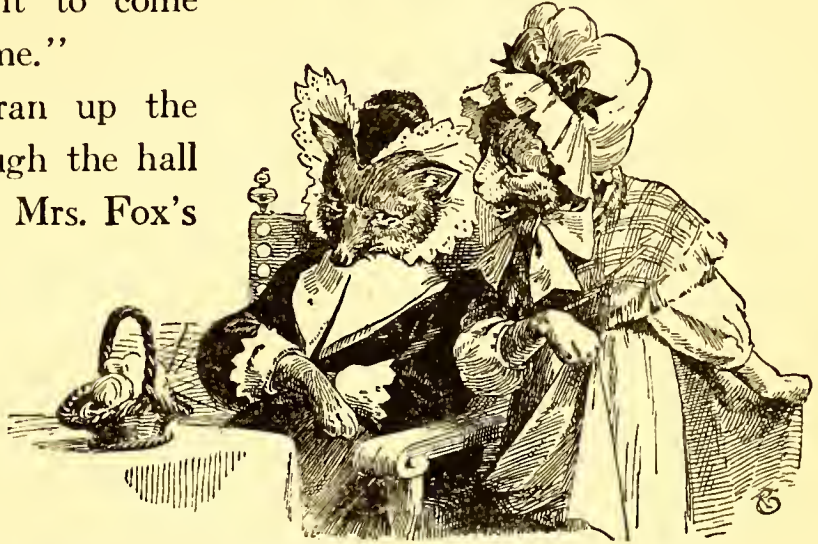


"My good old lady" said the young woman, "what are you doing?" — F. G. M.

“She stays in her room, and nei-ther eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, she is so full of grief for Mr. Fox.”

Then the wolf said, “If she would like to wed a sec-ond time, she ought to come down and see me.”

So the cat ran up the stairs and through the hall till she came to Mrs. Fox’s room. She knocked five times on the door and asked, “Is Mrs. Fox at home? If so, and she



MRS. FOX ASKED, “DOES HE WEAR RED STOCKINGS?”

would like to wed a sec-ond time, she must come down-stairs, for a wolf who would woo her is at the door.”

Mrs. Fox asked “Does he wear red stock-ings, and has he a point-ed nose?”

“No,” said the cat.

“Then I will not have him,” said Mrs. Fox, and she shut the door.

The wolf was sent off, and then there came in turn, a dog, a stag, a hare, a bear, and a horse, but they all had the same ill luck.

At last a young fox came, and when Mrs. Fox asked, "Has he red stock-ings and a point-ed nose?" the cat said, "Yes." She was told to let him in and pre-pare for the wed-ding.

Then they threw the old fox out of the door, and the cat caught and ate all the mice she could in hon-or of the glad e-vent. And af-ter the mar-riage they had a grand ball, and for all I know they are dan-cing still.

CINDERELLA

THERE was once a rich man's wife who was quite ill, and as she felt that her end was near, she called her one daugh-ter to her bed-side, and said, "My dear child, be a good girl, and the dear God will take care of you, and I will look down on you from heav-en and think of you." Soon af-ter this she died.

Each day the girl went to her moth-er's grave and wept. She kept her last words in mind, and was good and kind to all a-round her. Win-ter came and clothed the earth in a soft white robe, but when the warm rays of spring had caused the snow to melt from the moth-er's grave, the hus-band took a new wife.

The wife brought home with her two daugh-ters of her own, who were fair in face, but black and mean at heart. Now

came a sad time for the poor step-child.

“Is the goose to sit in the same room with us?” said the two daughters. “They who eat bread must earn it. Out with you! Go help the kitch-en maid!”

They took off her clothes, and gave her an old gray dress, and shoes of wood. She had to stay in the kitch-en and work hard all day. At night, when she was tired, she had no bed to lie on, but must lie down in the cin-ders on the hearth. This gave her such a dir-ty look that the sis-ters, who were al-ways glad to have a chance to in-sult her, called her Cin-der-el-la.



CINDERELLA AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

One day the fa-ther wished to go to the fair, so he asked

his two step-daugh-ters what he should bring them. "A fine dress," said one. "Pearls and jew-els," said the oth-er.

"And you, Cin-der-el-la," said he, "what shall I bring you?"

"The first twig that hits your hat on your way home, fa-ther, break off and bring to me," said she.

So he brought the dress and the pearls for his step-daugh-ters, and on his way home, as he rode through a wood, a ha-zel bough struck his hat, and he broke it off and took it with him.

Cin-der-el-la thanked him for the twig, and went at once to plant it on her moth-er's grave. The poor girl wept long, and her tears fell like wa-ter on the twig, so that it grew to a tree. Three times a day Cin-der-el-la went to it to weep and pray, and each time a lit-tle white bird flew on the tree; and if she spoke a wish out loud, the bird threw down what she wished for.

Aft-er a time it fell out that the king made up his mind to give a grand ball. It was to last three days, and all the fair young la-dies of the land were asked to come, that the king's son might choose from them a bride.

When the two step-sis-ters heard that they might go, they were glad. They called Cin-der-el-la, and said, "Comb our hair, brush our shoes, and hook our gowns, for we are to go to the ball at the king's pal-ace."

Cin-der-el-la did as they told her, but wept to think that she

too could not go to the ball. She asked her step-moth-er to let her go with them, but the step-moth-er mocked her, and said, "You, Cin-der-el-la, black with dirt and soot! You have no clothes or shoes, and how can you dance?"



THE BIRDS PICK UP THE SEEDS FOR CINDERELLA.

But Cin-der-el-la still begged to be let go, so at last the step-moth-er said, "I have just thrown a dish of flax-seed into the ash-es. If you will have it all picked out in two hours, you may go with them."

Then Cin-der-el-la ran out at the back door in-to the gar-den, and called out, "You tame doves, and all you birds of the air, come and help me pick up the seeds.

Put the good ones in the pot,
And the bad ones in your crop."

Then there flew in at the kitch-en win-dow two white doves, and then all the birds of the air came chirp-ing in down up-on the ash-es. They then be-gan, pick, pick, pick, and soon all the good seeds were gath-ered in the dish. With great joy Cin-der-el-la took the dish to her step-moth-er. But the step-moth-er said, "No Cin-der-el-la, you have no clothes and you do not know how to dance. All would laugh at you."

Still Cin-der-el-la cried and begged to go, and at last the step-moth-er said, "I will throw twice as much flax-seed in the ash-es, and if you have it all picked up in one hour, I will let you go." But she thought to her-self, "She can not do that."

The birds a-gain helped Cin-der-el-la, and the seed was all picked up in half an hour. But when she went to the step-moth-er she broke her word once more, and would not let her go.

When the two proud sis-ters and their moth-er had gone to the ball, Cin-der-el-la went out to her moth-er's grave, and sat down un-der the ha-zel tree, and cried,

“Rus-tle and shake, dear lit-tle tree;
Gold and sil-ver throw o-ver me.”

Then the bird threw down a dress of gold and sil-ver, and a pair of small silk slip-pers worked with sil-ver. These Cin-der-el-la put on in great haste, and then she went to the ball. Her step-moth-er and sis-ters did not know her, and thought it must be some strange prin-cess, so grand did she look in her fine dress. The prince met her as she came in, and led her through the dance, nor would he dance with an-y one else all the eve-ning.

When it grew late and she wished to go home, the prince said, “I will go with you and see you safe,” for he wished to find out to whom she be-longed. They reached a hen-house, and Cin-der-el-la sprang in-to it; so the prince wait-ed till her fa-ther came home. He told him a strange maid-en had run in-to the pig-eon house, and an axe was brought to break in-to the house, but no one was there. When they came to the house, there lay Cin-der-el-la in her dir-ty frock, for she had jumped out of the hen-house on the far side, and run to the ha-zel tree, where she had left her fine dress for the bird to take a-way.

The next day, Cin-der-el-la went to the tree a-gain, when the step-moth-er and sis-ters had gone to the ball, and a dress more grand and rich than the first was thrown down to her. The prince danced with her a-gain all the eve-ning. When



THERE LAY CINDERELLA IN HER
DIRTY FROCK.

she went home, he followed her, but when she reached a pear tree that grew near her father's house, he lost sight of her. When the father came home, the prince told him that the strange maiden had again fled from him, and that he thought she was in the pear tree. The father thought, "Could it have been Cinderella?" He cut down the tree with an axe, but no one was to be found. When they went into the house, Cinderella was in her place, for she had sprung down on the far side of the pear tree, left her fine dress with the bird, and put on her old gray frock.

On the third day she went again to the ball. This time the bird threw down the most splendid dress of all, and the slippers were of pure gold. The prince danced only with Cinderella, and when the time came to leave, he would have gone with her, but she ran with such speed that he could not keep up with her. But the

prince had had the steps spread with pitch, in hopes to catch the strange maid-en and as Cin-der-el-la ran, her left slip-per stuck to the pitch and came off.

The prince picked it up and saw that it was small and of pure gold. The next day he went to Cin-der-el-la's fa-ther and said, "My bride shall be the one whose foot this slip-per fits." The two sis-ters were glad when they heard this, for they had small feet. The eld-er one took the slip-per first, and went to her room to try it on, but she could not get her big toe in-to it. The moth-er who stood by, said, "Cut your toe off, for when you are queen you need not go on foot."

The daugh-ter cut off her toe, squeezed her foot in-to the slip-per, and hid-ing her pain, went down to the prince. Then he placed her as his bride up-on his horse, and rode off. But as they passed the grave of Cin-der-el-la's moth-er, two white doves sat on the ha-zel tree, and cried.

"Turn and look, turn and look,
There's blood up-on the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she be-hind
Is not the bride for you."

He turned and looked at her foot, and saw the blood that flowed from the shoe. He turned his horse at once, and took the false bride home, say-ing she was not the right one, that the oth-er sis-ter must try the slip-per on. The young-er one

took it to her room, and to her joy her toes went in, but she could not get the slip-per o-ver her heel. The moth-er said; "Cut off a piece of your heel, for when you are queen you need not go on foot."



THE LOST SLIPPER.

The daugh-ter did so, squeezed her foot in-to the slip-per, and went down to the prince. Then he put her up-on his horse as his bride, and rode off. But they too must pass the ha-zel tree, where the two doves sat. A-gain they cried,

"Turn and look, turn and look,
There's blood up-on the shoe;
The shoe's too small, and she be-hind
Is not the bride for you."

He looked down at her foot, and saw that the blood was trick-ling from her shoe. He turned his horse once more, and brought the false bride home. "This is not the right one," he said to the

fath-er. "Have you no oth-er daugh-ter?"

"No," said the fa-ther, "ex-cept the daugh-ter of my first wife; but she can-not be the bride."

The prince asked to see her, but the step-moth-er said, "Oh, no! she is much too dir-ty; I dare not let her be seen."

But the prince would have his way, and Cin-der-el-la was called. She washed her hands and face, and went in, bow-ing to the prince, who gave her the gold slip-per. She sat down and put on the slip-per, which was a per-fect fit for her.

The prince looked in her face, and saw that she was the fair maid-en with whom he had danced, so he said: "This is my true bride!" The step-moth-er and two sis-ters turned white with rage, but the prince took Cin-der-el-la up-on his horse and rode off. As they came to the ha-zel tree, the two white doves cried:



THE PRINCE RIDES AWAY WITH CINDERELLA.

“Turn and look, turn and look,
 There’s no blood up-on the shoe;
 It fits so nice, and she be-hind
 Is the right-ful bride for you.”

Cin-de-rel-la and the prince were soon mar-ried, and all went well with them to the end of their lives.

A SET OF ROGUES

ONE day in fall the cock said to the hen, "Now is the time when nuts are ripe; let us go up there on the hill and eat what we want before the squir-rel gets them all."

"Oh, yes," said the hen, "let us go; it will be fine fun!"

So they went to the hill, and as it was a fine day they stayed till night. It may have been that they ate too much, or that they grew proud; at all events they would not walk home, so the cock had to make a small cart of nut-shells.

When it was made the hen sat in it, and said to the cock, "Now you may draw me home."

"You are too kind," said the cock. "I would do quite as well to go home on foot alone. I would be willing to sit on the box and drive, but draw the coach I will not."

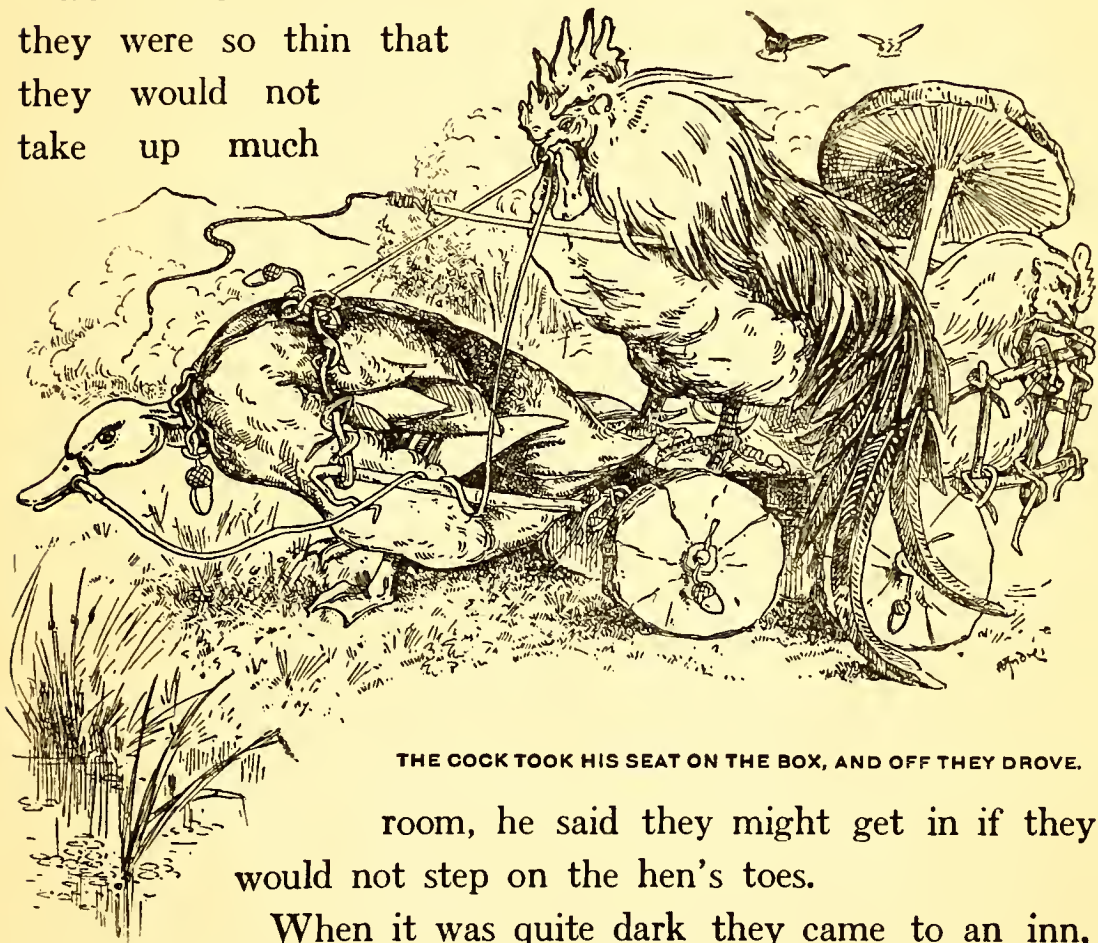
At this point a duck that was there quacked out, "You thieves, who said you could come to my nut-hill? You shall pay dear for this!" and she rushed at the cock to strike him with her bill. But he stood his ground, and struck her so hard with his spurs that she soon begged for mercy, and let herself be hitched to the cart to make up for her rude-ness.

The cock took his seat on the box, and off they drove, the cock crying out, "Run, duck, run, as fast as you can!"

When they had gone a short part of the way, they met two

foot-men, a pin and a needle. "Stop, stop!" they cried. "Won't you let us ride with you? It will soon be so dark that we can not see a step in front of us."

As the cock saw that they were so thin that they would not take up much



THE COCK TOOK HIS SEAT ON THE BOX, AND OFF THEY DROVE.

room, he said they might get in if they would not step on the hen's toes.

When it was quite dark they came to an inn, and they thought they would stop for the night. The man who kept the inn did not want them for guests, but they said they would give him the egg which the hen had laid on the

road, and the one the duck would lay in the morn-ing, so he told them at last they might stay.

Next day at dawn the cock and hen ate the egg the first thing, and threw the shell in-to the fire. Then they took the nee-dle and stuck her in the seat of a chair. The pin they put in the tow-el, and then they both left the house. The duck, who had slept in the yard, heard them as they flew past, and went down to the brook and swam a-way.

When the man who kept the inn rose, he washed his face and then took the tow-el to dry it, but he drew the point of the pin a-cross it and left a long scratch from ear to ear. Then he went to the fire to light his pipe, and the egg-shell popped in-to his eyes. That vexed him and he sat down in the chair. He at once sprang in-to the air, for the nee-dle had pricked him worse than the pin had scratched him. He was now in a rage, and as he thought the guests who had come so late in the night must be to blame, he ran to look for them and found they were gone.

Then he made a vow that this would be the last time he would let such a set of rogues in-to his house—folks who ate so much, paid noth-ing, and for thanks played mean tricks.



LITTLE RED CAP

ONCE on a time, there was on a farm, close to a small town, a girl who was as sweet a child as there is in the whole world. Her moth-er, of course, had a great deal of love for her, and her grand-moth-er was still more fond of her. The good dame made for her, one day, a bright red hood. It was just the right size for her, and it made her look so sweet that they gave her the name of Lit-tle Red Cap.

One day when her moth-er had made some cheese cakes, she said to her, "Go, my child, and see how your grand-moth-er does, for I hear she is ill; take her some of these cakes, and a pat of but-ter."

Lit-tle Red Cap, with a small basket on her arm, in which were the cakes her moth-er had made, and the pat of butter, set out straight for her grand-moth-er's house, which was in a small town not far from where Lit-tle Red Cap's moth-er had her home. As she went through a wood, which lay in her road, she met a large wolf, which had a great mind to eat her up, but did not dare to, for fear of some men, who were at work at a tree, which they had to cut down, in the wood, not far from where Lit-tle Red Cap and the wolf were.

The wolf spoke to her and told her he would like to know where she meant to go with her bas-ket. The child, who did



LITTLE RED CAP MEETS A WOLF.

not know that it was not wise to stop and speak to a wolf, and said: "I am on my way to see my grand-moth-er; my moth-er gave me these cakes and this pat of but-ter, to take to her, for we have heard that she is ill."

"Does she live a great way off?" said the wolf.

"Oh yes," said Lit-tle Red Cap, "the mill that you see there, hides her house from us; it is the first house in the town."

"Well," said the wolf, "we will have a race; I will take this way and you may take that, and we shall see which will be there first."

The wolf set out at full speed, and ran as fast as he could all the way; the way he took was not much more than half as long as the way Lit-tle Red Cap took; and as she went on,





LITTLE RED CAP PICKS A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS.

from time to time she knelt down on the ground to pick up nuts; then she would run to try to catch the young hares that ran near her, and she made a gay bunch of wild pinks.

The wolf got first to the house of the grand-moth-er, and gave a loud knock at the door.

“Who is there?” said a voice in the house.

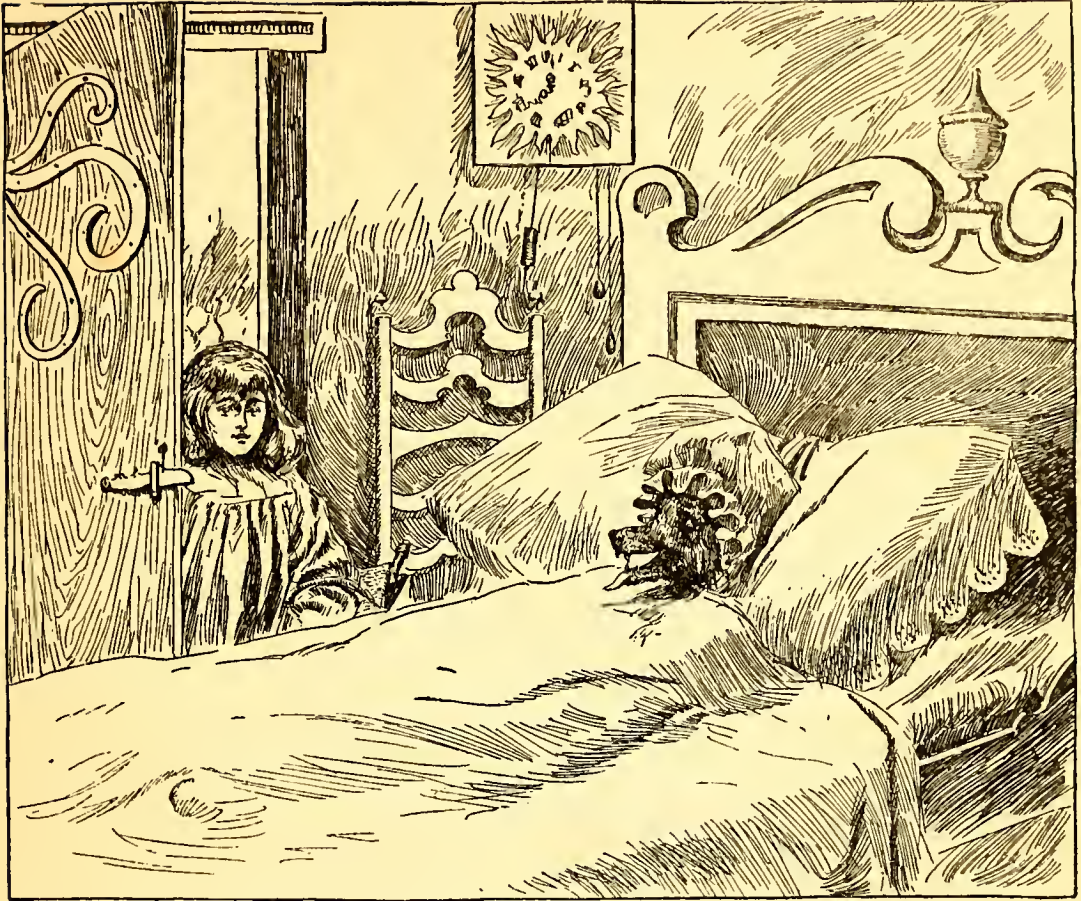
“It is Lit-tle Red Cap,” said the wolf, and he tried to make his great gruff voice sound like the sweet voice of the child. “I have brought you a small pat of but-ter and some nice cheese cakes that moth-er has just made, for she heard that you were ill.”

The good old dame, who was ill in bed, cried out, “Pull the string and the latch will fly up.”

The wolf gave a hard pull at the string, and up went the latch. He went in, and up to the poor old grand-moth-er’s room, sprang on the bed and ate her up in a trice, for it was three days since he had had a meal.

The wolf put on the good old dame’s night cap and dress, shut the door of the room, and then lay down in the bed to wait for Lit-tle Red Cap. He had not long been in bed when she came to the house. Tap! tap! “Who is there?” cried he. At first she was full of fear, when she heard the gruff voice of the wolf, but she thought it might be that her grand-moth-er had a cold, so she said, “It is I; it is Lit-tle Red Cap. Moth-er has sent you some cheese cakes and a small pat of but-ter.”

The wolf made his voice as soft as he could as he cried out, “Pull the string and the latch will fly up.” Lit-tle Red Cap gave a pull to the string and up went the latch. When she came up stairs to her grand-moth-er’s room the wolf kept



THE WOLF IN BED.

quite hid in the bed. Then he tried to speak as if he were ill and quite weak; and said, "Put the basket on the stool my dear, and take off your clothes, and come to me in the bed."

Little Red Cap, who at all times did just as she was bid, at once took off her clothes and went to bed. But when she came to see the wolf near by, she thought her grand-mother did not look like her-self at all.



THE HUNTER.

“Dear me, grand-moth-er,” she said, “what great, big arms you have got!”

“The bet-ter to hug you, my child,” said the wolf.

“But, grand-moth-er,” said Red Cap, “what great big ears you have got!”

“The bet-ter to hear you, my child,” said the wolf.

“But then, grand-moth-er, what great big eyes you have got,” said Red Cap.

“The bet-ter to see you, my child,” said the wolf.

“And, oh, grand-moth-er what great — big — teeth — you’ve — got!” said the poor child, who by this time was full of fear.

“The bet-ter to eat you up,” said the wolf with a fierce growl, and with one leap, he sprang out of the bed, seized Lit-tle Red Cap, and was a-bout

to eat her up; when a shot was heard, and the wolf fell dead. A hunt-er who had come that way, heard the voices in the house, and looked in through the win-dow in time to see the dan-ger the child was in. In a trice he had aimed and fired his gun, and thus Lit-tle Red Cap’s life was saved.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

THERE was once a mil-ler who was as poor as poor could be, but he had a daugh-ter who was quite fair of face. One day he chanced to meet the king, and as he felt like boas-ting, he said, "I have a girl that can spin gold out of straw."

The king said to him, "That is an art in which few have skill; if your child is as smart as you say, bring her to my cas-tle in a day or two, and I will try what she can do."

When the girl was brought to the king, he led her to a room that was full of straw, and gave her a wheel with which to spin. "Now go to work," he said. "If you do not spin all this straw in-to gold in one day, you shall die." With these words he shut the door and left her there.

She could not see how she was to save her life, for she did not know how to spin gold out of straw. She thought a long time, and her fear and grief were so great that she wept. Then all at once the door o-pened, and in came a ti-ny dwarf.

"Why do you weep, my poor child?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the girl, "I have got to spin gold out of this straw, and I do not know how."

"What will you give me," asked the dwarf, "if I spin it for you?"

“My gold chain,” said the girl.

The dwarf took the chain, and then sat down at the wheel. Whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round went the wheel, and the spool was full. He put on an-oth-er, and—whirr, whirr, whirr, that one was full; and so on all through the night, till the straw was all gone and the spools full of gold.

When the king came and saw it he was glad. But his heart was full of greed for gold, and he took the girl to a room in which was more straw. “You must spin this too, in one day,” said he, “or you lose your life.”

The girl was full of grief, but as she wept, the door opened and in came the dwarf, who said, “What will you give me if I spin the straw in-to gold? ’

“My ring,” said the girl.

The dwarf took the ring and went to work. He spun all night, and then the straw was all changed to gold.

The king was full of joy, but wished for still more gold. He led the girl to an-oth-er room full of straw and said, “All this you must spin to-night. If you do so, I will make you my wife.”

When the girl was a-lone, the dwarf came for a third time, and asked, “What will you give me if I spin it for you?”

“I have not a thing left to give you,” said the girl.

“Then you will have to give me your first child when you are queen,” said he.



RUMPELSTILTSKIN DANCING.

The girl said she would do so, and the dwarf set to work and soon spun the gold. When the king came and found all he wished for done, he was pleased, and made the girl his wife at once.

In a year, by which time she had ceased to think of the dwarf, she had a child. But in a few days the dwarf came to her room, and said, "Now give me what you said you would."

In great fright the queen said she would give him all her wealth if he would leave the child to her, but he said he would not.

The queen wept and groaned so much at this that the dwarf at length felt sor-ry for her, so he said, "I will give you three days, and if in that time you find out my name, you shall keep your child."

All night long the queen racked her brains for all the names she could think of, and when the dwarf came the next day she told him a lot, but at each the dwarf said, "That is not my name."

The next day when the dwarf came she had more names, but to all he still said, "It is not my name."

Then she sent out a man through the land to see if he could find names that she had not yet used. When he came back he said, "I have found no names, but as I came to a high hill near the edge of a wood, I saw a small house, in front of which a fire burned, and round this fire a small old man danced on one leg and sang :

"To-day I brew, and then I bake,
To-mor-row I shall the queen's child take ;
Oh ! how glad I am that no one knows
That Rum-pel-stilts-kin is my name."

When the queen heard this she was full of joy. The dwarf came the next day and said :

“Now, my la-dy queen, what is my name?”

First she said “Is it John?”

“No,” said he.

“Is it James?”

“No.”

“May-be it is Rum-pel-stilts-kin.”

“A witch has told you! a witch has told you!” he screamed, and stamped his right foot so hard in the ground that he sank in up to his waist. Then in a great rage he took hold of his left leg with both hands to pull him-self out, and pulled so hard that he tore him-self in two.

So that was the end of him, and the queen kept her child.

THE TWELVE BROTHERS

ONCE on a time there lived a king and a queen who had twelve boys. One day the king said to the queen, “If our next child should be a girl, our twelve sons must die, so that she may have the crown.”

The queen was sad, and mourned day and night. One day the young-est boy, who was with her all the time, asked, “Dear moth-er, why are you so sad?”

The queen would not tell at first, but he kept on ask-ing, and at last she told him that he and his broth-ers were to be

put to death in case they had a sis-ter. He said, "Do not weep, dear moth-er. I and my broth-ers will go from here, so that we may not be put to death."

The queen said, "Yes, go. Stay in the woods near by, and if a son is born, I will hang out a white flag, so that you may know that it is safe for you to come home; but if it is a girl, I will hang out a red flag, and then you must all fly hence as fast as you can. I will pray each night that you meet with no ill luck."

Then the twelve boys went to the woods. Each kept watch in turn from the top of a tall oak tree. One day they saw a red flag hung out, which meant that a girl was born, and they must all die if they went home.

Then they went deep in the woods, and there found a small house which they made their home. For food they shot hares and birds and what else they could find.

Ten years passed, and by that time the queen's child had grown to be quite a big girl. She was fair of face, and had a kind heart. Once, when there was a great wash, she saw twelve shirts on the line, and she asked her moth-er, "Whose are those twelve shirts? They are too small for my fa-ther."

Then the queen said, with a sad heart, "My dear child, they be-long to your twelve broth-ers."

"Where are my twelve brothers? This is the first time I have heard of them," said the child.



ONE DAY THEY SAW A RED FLAG HUNG OUT.

Then the queen told her why she had not seen them, and she wept as she did so. "Do not cry, dear moth-er," said the child, "I will go forth and seek my broth-ers."

She took the twelve shirts and set forth for the wood at once. All day she walked on and at night she came to the hut where her brothers lived. She went in, and there she saw a young lad, who asked her, "Whence do you come, and what do you want?"

She said, "I am the child of a king, and I seek my twelve brothers, and will go as far as the sky is blue till I find them. Then she showed him the twelve shirts she had with her, and he knew it must be his sister, and told her who he was. At his words she wept for joy, and he wept too.

When the rest of the brothers came home, they were glad to find their sister there, and they kissed her, and loved her with all their hearts.

She staid at home with one of the brothers and took care of the house and the cooking, while the rest went to catch game in the woods. One day she got up a fine feast. Near the house was a small garden in which grew twelve lilies. She thought it would please her brothers if she gave each of them a flower, so she broke off the twelve lilies. But as she did so, the twelve boys were changed into twelve crows, and flew off. The house, too, was gone, and the girl stood alone in a wild wood. All at once she saw an old woman, who said, "My child, what have you done? The twelve lilies were your brothers, and now they have become crows, and will stay so."



THE TWELVE BOYS WERE CHANGED INTO TWELVE CROWS, AND FLEW OFF.

The girl wept, and asked, "Is there no way to set them free?"

"There is but one thing in all the world," said the old wom-an, "and that is too hard for you to do. You must be

dumb for six years. If you speak as much as one word or laugh in all that time, you can not free them."

Then the girl said in her heart, "I know I shall set my brothers free." She found a tall tree in which she could live, and here she sat and spun, but did not speak or laugh.

One day a king rode by who had a dog with him, and it ran to the tree where the girl was and barked. The king came up, and as soon as he saw the fair girl he fell in love with her, and asked her if she would be his bride. She made no answer except to nod her head. Then the king himself climbed the tree, brought her down, and rode off with her to his palace.

The wedding soon took place with great pomp, but the bride did not speak or laugh.

Two years that were full of joy passed, but one day the king's step-mother, who was not a good woman, began to speak ill of the young queen. "This is some low girl that you have made your wife," said she. "Who knows for what crime she may have been turned out of her home? If she is dumb and can't speak, she might at least laugh. One that does not laugh must have something bad on her mind."

The king would not hear her at first, but the old woman talked so much that at last she made the king think as she did, and the queen was doomed to death.

She was bound to a stake, and a great fire was made in

which she was to burn. But just as the flames rose to scorch her, the six years in which she was to be dumb came to an end. She heard a great whirr in the air, and when she looked up she saw twelve crows that flew to-ward her. The in-stant they touched the earth, they were changed to her twelve broth-ers whom she had set free.

They ran up to the fire, and drew the wood from the pile, and put out the flames. And now that she could speak and laugh, she told the king why she had been dumb for six years.

The king was glad to find out the truth, and now he loved his wife more than at first. They lived in great joy all their lives, but the bad step-moth-er met the death to which she had tried to send the queen.

HANS IN LUCK

HANS had worked for a man for six long years, and at the end of that time he said, "Sir, my time is up and I wish to go home, so please give me my pay."

"You have served me well," said the man, "so you shall have a good sum for your pay," and he gave him a lump of gold as big as his head. Hans put the gold in a cloth, and slung it on his back, and went on his way home.

He met a man on a horse, and he said to him that he

wished he could ride too. "It is as if one sat in a chair, and yet one gets on," he told the man.

"Well," said the man, "You need not walk. You can have my horse if you give me that gold."

"I will do it, and thank you," said Hans.

The man took the gold, and helped Hans to get up on the horse. "When you want to go fast," said the man, "you have just to click your tongue, and say 'Get up!'"

Hans went on for a while at a slow gait, but then he thought he would like to try the speed of his horse, so he began to click his tongue and say "Get up!" The horse set off at a smart trot, and the first thing Hans knew he was pitched in-to a ditch that ran at the side of the road. The horse made a start to run, and would have got a-way if it had not been caught by a man who came by, lead-ing a cow.

Hans said he wished he had that cow in place of a beast that kicked and plunged so that a man was like-ly to break his neck.

"Well," said the man, "I will give it to you for your horse."

Hans said, "All right," and the man got on the horse, and was soon out of sight.

Hans was full of joy as he drove his cow a-long. "I can now al-ways have but-ter and cheese with my bread," said he, "and if I am dry, I need but to milk my cow, and I shall have milk to drink."

The day grew hot, and Hans got dry. "Now is the time," he thought, "to milk my cow, and put an end to my thirst with a good drink of milk."

He tried to milk the cow, but no milk would come, and



THE HORSE THROWS HANS INTO THE DITCH AND STARTS TO RUN.

soon she gave him such a kick that he fell on the ground, and for a long time knew not where he was. At length a man came by with a pig, and helped Hans to his feet. Hans told him all that had passed, and he held out a flask and said: "Here take a drink. Your cow might well give no milk;

she is an old beast, and good but for meat at the best."

"Well, well," said Hans, "who would have thought it. For my part, I don't like cow's flesh; it's too tough. But a young pig like yours is the thing that tastes right."

"Well now, for love of you," said the man, "I will let you have my pig for your cow."

"God bless you for your kind heart," said Hans, and he gave up the cow, and took in his hand the string with which the pig was led.

On he went, full of joy. Soon he met a boy with a goose, and stopped to have a talk with him. The boy told him he was tak-ing the goose to a house where there was to be a feast. "Just lift it," said he, "and feel the weight of it." "Yes," said Hans, "it is fine; but my pig has some flesh on it too."

As he spoke the boy gave sharp looks, first on this side and then on that, and at length he broke out. "I fear all is not right with that pig of yours. In the town I just came through a man had lost one of his pigs, and it seems to me this may be it. If they find you with it they will think that you stole it, and may put you in jail."

Hans turned pale with fright. "You know the roads in these parts bet-ter than I do," said he. "Do you take my pig and let me have your goose."

"It will be a risk for me," said the boy, "but still I want to save you from harm," and as he said this he took the rope



HANS TRIES TO GET A DRINK FROM THE COW.

in his own hand and drove the pig off by a side path, while Hans, glad to be out of his scrape, walked on with the goose tucked un-der his arm.

As he came near the last town on his way home, he saw a

man whose trade it was to grind knives. He had a grind-stone on a truck, and as he went on with his work; his wheel hummed, and he sang a gay tune:

“My wheel I turn, and the knives I grind,
While gay-ly my cloak flies out be-hind.”

Hans stopped to look at him, and at length said, “Your trade must be a good one, since you sing at your work.”

“Yes,” said the man, “this work pays well. A man who grinds knives is one who finds gold in his purse each time he puts his hand in it. But where did you get that fine goose, if I may ask you?”

“I gave my pig for it,” said Hans.

“And the pig?”

“I gave my cow for it.”

“And the cow?”

“I gave my horse for her.”

“And the horse?”

“For him I gave a lump of gold as big as my head.”

“And the gold?”

“That was my pay for six years of work.”

“You have done well for your-self, to be sure,” said the man. “Now if you were like me, and could find gold in your purse each time you put your hand in it, you would be a made man.”

“How shall I do that?” asked Hans.

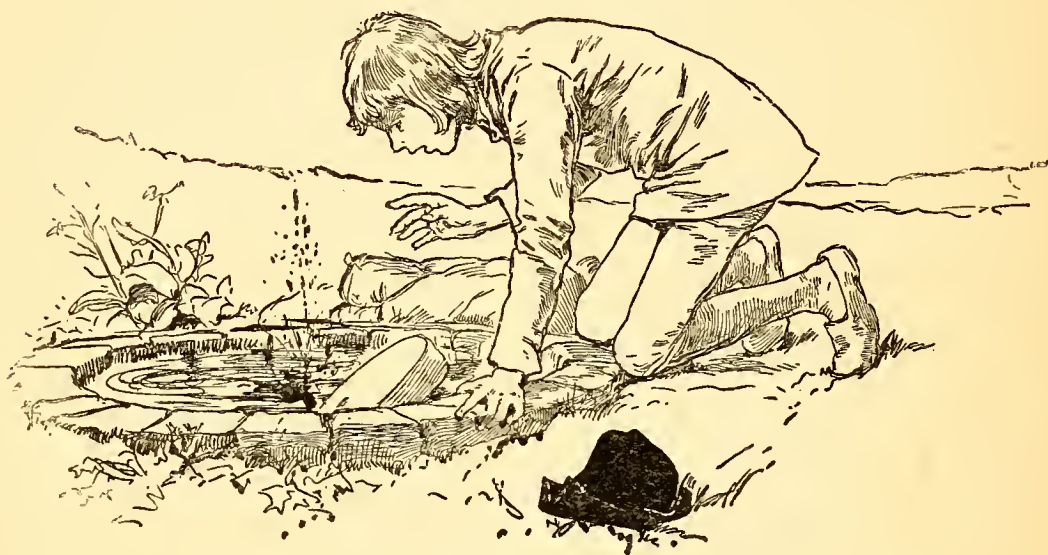


"I FEAR THAT ALL IS NOT RIGHT WITH THAT PIG OF YOURS."

"All you want is a stone to grind knives on. I have one that is not quite new, so I will let you have it if you will give me your goose. Would that suit you?"

“How can you ask me?” said Hans. “I will do it with joy. If I can find gold in my purse each time I put my hand in it, what else shall I have to care for?” And he gave the man the goose, and took the stone from him.

“Now,” said the man, as he took up a plain field stone which



HANS GLADLY SEES THE STONES FALL INTO THE WELL.

lay near, “there is a fine stone which will be just the thing to hammer your old nails straight on. Take it with you too.”

Hans raised the stone, and marched off in great glee. “I must have been born to a heap of good luck,” said he, “for all things turn out just as I wish to have them.”

But he had been on his legs since day-break, and the weight of the stones soon made him tired and weak. He could not

keep out of his mind the thought, "How nice it would be now if I had not these to drag with me."

Just then he came to a well, and thought he must stop to have a drink. He set the stones down by the brink of the well, and stooped down to drink. As he did so, he gave the stones, by chance, a slight push, and they fell in the well.

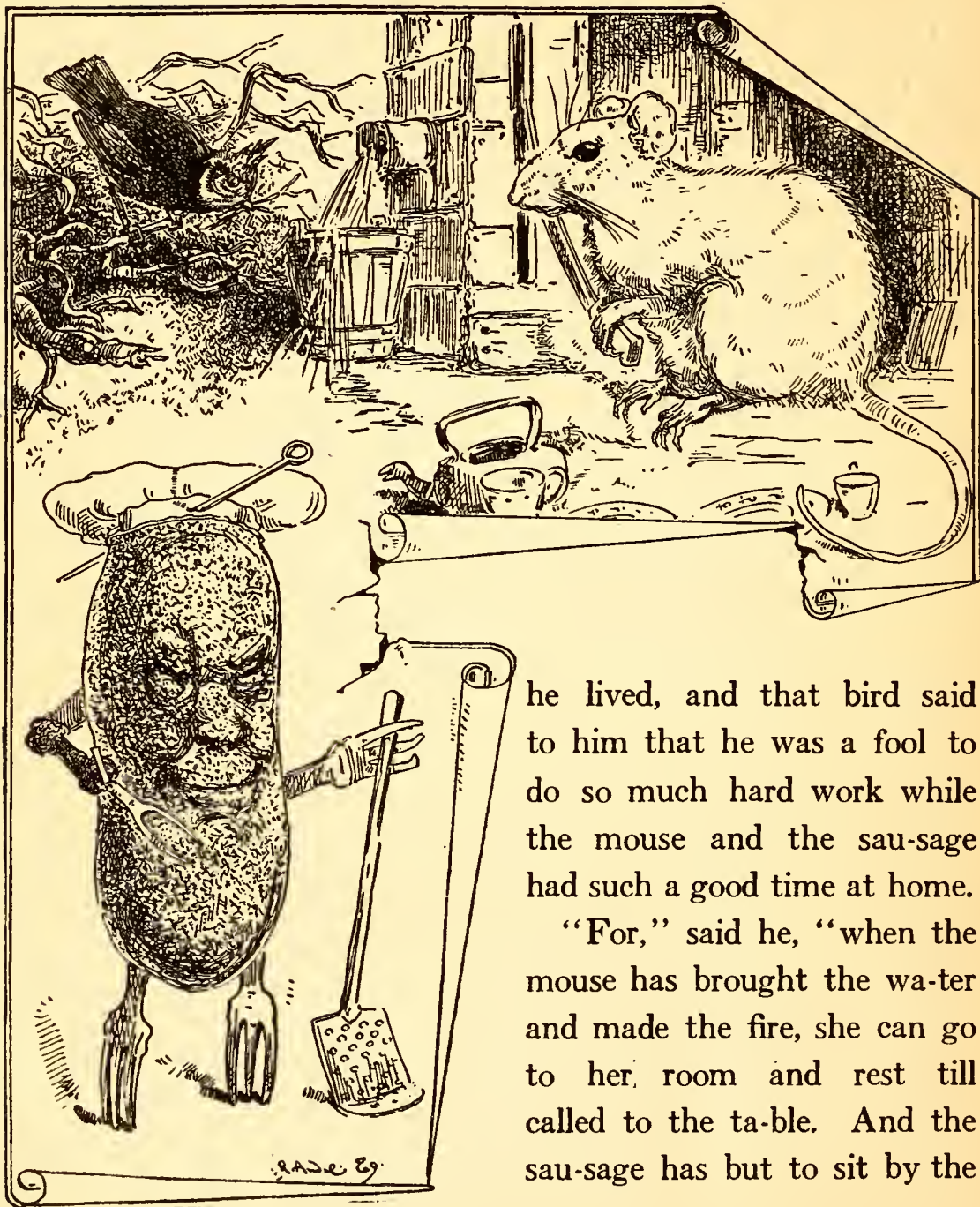
As he saw them go down, Hans gladly sprang up, and then, with tears of joy in his eyes, fell on his knees to give thanks that in so nice a way, and with no fault on his part, he had got rid of the load that had made him so tired.

And then with a light heart, and free from all care, he ran on at the top of his speed till he reached his home.

THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE

ONCE on a time a mouse, a bird, and a sausage struck up a friend-ship, and all lived in peace in one house.

It was the work of the bird to go to the woods each day and fetch wood, the mouse brought the water and made the fire, while the sausage staid at home and cooked the meals. There are few so well off that they do not long for something better, and thus it was with the bird. One day he met a bird on the way to the wood, whom he told about the way



he lived, and that bird said to him that he was a fool to do so much hard work while the mouse and the sausage had such a good time at home.

“For,” said he, “when the mouse has brought the water and made the fire, she can go to her room and rest till called to the table. And the sausage has but to sit by the

stove and see that the food is well cooked. When it is meal time, he dips him-self in-to the pans three or four times, and thus each dish is sea-soned right for the ta-ble.”

The bird heard him, and went home. He laid down his pack of wood, and they all sat down, ate a good meal, and then went to bed and slept till dawn. But the next day the bird would not go for wood. He said he had been their slave long e-nough; he was a fool to have done so much work: there must be a change; some plan that was more fair must be tried.

The mouse and the sau-sage found fault with these words, but the bird was mas-ter. So they drew lots, and it fell to the sau-sage to fetch wood, the mouse to cook, and the bird to bring the wa-ter.

What took place? The sau-sage went for the wood; the bird made the fire; the mouse put on the pot, and then they two sat down to wait for the sau-sage to come back with wood for the next day.

But the sau-sage was gone so long they feared he must have met with ill luck, so the bird went to meet him. Not far off he met a dog who owned up that he had eat-en the sau-sage, The bird felt sad at this and took up the wood and went home. He told the mouse all he had seen and heard, and they grieved o-ver the loss of their friend.

But they thought they would try to make the best of it, so the bird set the ta-ble, while the mouse fixed the food. She

wished to sea-son the broth as she had seen the sau-sage do, so she swung her-self in-to the pot, but her hair and skin came off at once, and she lost her life.

When the bird came to dish up the food, no cook was to be seen. He threw the wood on all sides in his search, but she was not to be found. The bird took no care where he threw the wood, and some fell on the fire and be-gan to blaze. He flew for some wa-ter. As he stooped in haste o-ver the brook, the pail fell in, and he was pulled in with it and drowned.

“Let well e-nough a-lone.”

THE FOX AND THE CAT

ONE day a cat met a fox in the woods, and thought: “Mr. Fox is so smart and wise and has such a name in the world, I think I will speak to him.” So she said:

“Good day, Mr. Fox, how is your health? How do you fare these hard times?”

But the fox, who was as proud as he could be, looked at the cat from head to foot, as if he thought he ought not to speak to her. At length he said: “Oh, you poor whisk-er clean-er, you starved mouse-hunt-er, what ails you? You dare to ask how I fare! What tricks do you know?”

“I know but one,” said the cat.

“And what is that?” asked the fox.

“When the dogs chase me, I spring in-to a tree, and thus save my life,” said the cat.

“Is that all you know?” said the fox. “I know a hundred tricks, and more than this, have a sack full of cunning. But I feel sad for you: come with me, and I will teach you how to es-cape from the dogs.”

Just then the hunt-ers came up with their dogs.

The cat sprang in-to a tree, sat her-self in the boughs, and was quite hid-den by the leaves.

“O-pen the sack, Mr. Fox,” she called to the fox, but the dogs had seized him and held him fast.

“Ah! Mr. Fox,” she called once more, “your hun-dred tricks are not of much use to you; if you had but been a-ble to crawl up here, you might have saved your life.”

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON

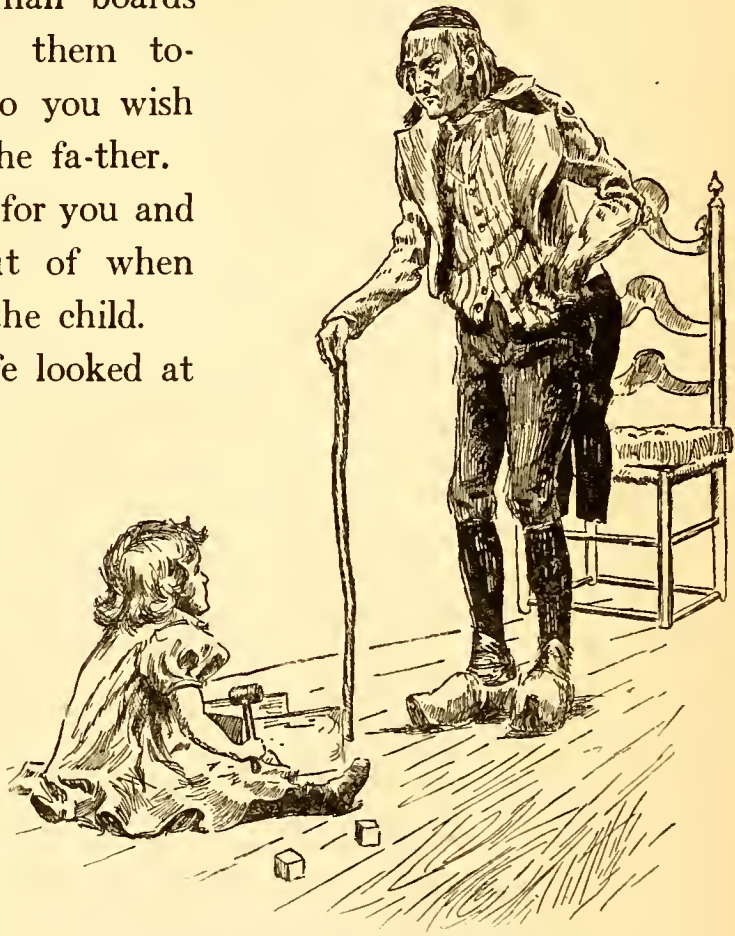
ONCE there was an old, old man, whose eyes were dim, his ears deaf, and his hands shook so that he could not guide his food to his mouth, but what he held was spilled on the ta-ble and on his clothes. His son and his son's wife were ill pleased at this, and at last they made him sit in a cor-ner, and eat out of an earth-en dish

Once his poor old hands could not hold e-ven the dish, and it fell to the floor and broke. Then the wife scold-ed, and they bought him a dish of wood, and gave him his meals in that.

One day as they sat at the ta-ble, their four-year-old boy brought in some small boards and tried to nail them to-gether. "What do you wish to make?" asked the fa-ther.

"A lit-tle trough for you and moth-er to eat out of when I grow big," said the child.

The man and wife looked at each oth-er a-while and then be-gan to cry. The child had taught them a les-son. Af-ter this the old man came to the ta-ble, and not a word was said e-ven if he did spill some of his food on the cloth.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

OLD SULTAN

THERE was once a man who had a good dog called Sul-tan. He was so old that he had lost all his teeth, and so could not seize or hold an-y thing. One day the man said to his wife, as they stood at the door of the house, "Old Sul-tan is of no use now; I mean to shoot him in the morn-ing."

His wife felt sad for the poor dog, and said, "He has been a good dog all these years, and we ought to give him food and a home in his old age."

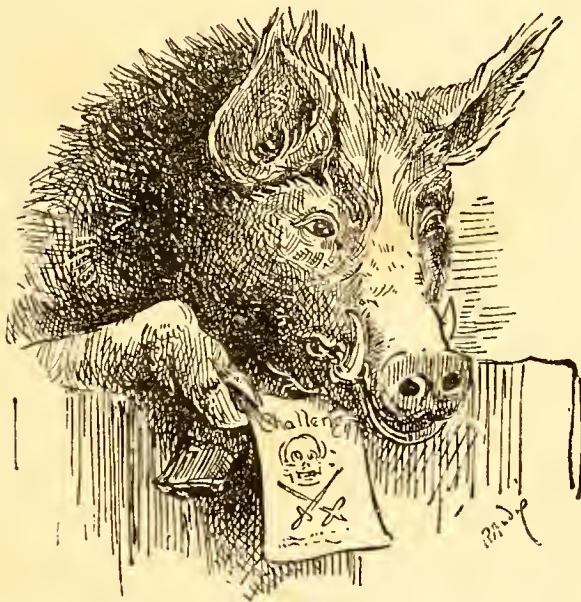
"What is that?" said the man. "Are you out of your mind? He has not a tooth in his head; he is of no use as a watch-dog, and now he can go. He may have served us well, but for that we have fed him all his life."

The poor dog, who lay in the sun not far from the door, heard all this talk, and felt sad to know that the next day would be the last of his life. He had one good friend out in the woods, and that was the wolf; and now he went to see him and tell him what he had to face.

"Don't feel bad, old chap," said the wolf. "I can help you in your need. At dawn the man and his wife will go out to make hay, and will take their child a-long, as there is no one at home to take care of it. While they are at work they will place the child in the hedge. You must lie down near it as if to watch it. I will rush out of the woods, seize the child,

and drag it off. You must spring at me as if you would tear it from me, and I will let it fall, and you can bring it back to the man and his wife. They will think you have saved its life, and feel they owe you so much that they will not want to see you come to harm."

The dog liked this plan, and it was done. The man was full of grief when he saw the wolf run through the field with his child; but when old Sul-tan brought it back, he was glad, and he stroked his back, and said, "Not a hair of you shall be harmed. You shall be fed and cared for as long as you



THE WILD BOAR BRINGS A CHALLENGE.

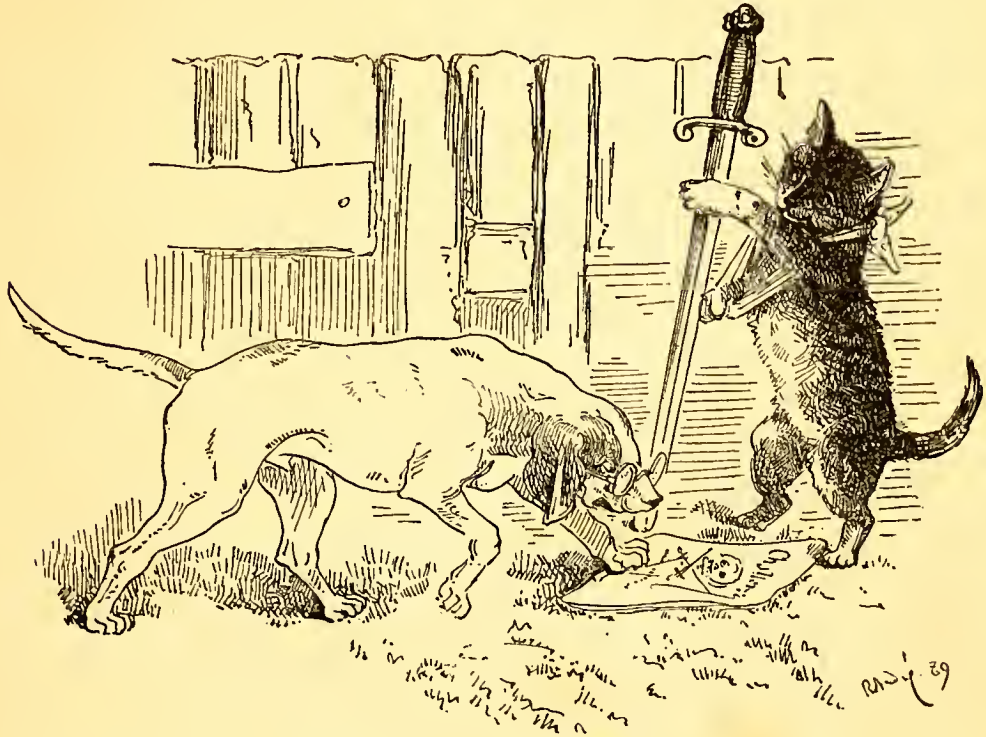
live." Then he said to his wife, "Go home and cook some bread and milk for him, for he will not need teeth for that, and bring the pillow from my bed, I will let him have it to lie on."

From that time on old Sul-tan had all that heart could wish for.

One day the wolf came to see him, and said, "Of course you would not let on to see me if I came and took a sheep from your mas-ter's flock. It is hard work, these times. I can tell you, to catch one."

“You must not count on that,” said Sul-tan, “I will be true to my mas-ter, and let no one steal from him.

The wolf thought this was a joke of Sul-tan’s, and he came that night to steal a sheep. But Sul-tan had told the man,



OLD SULTAN AND HIS SECOND.

and he caught the wolf and beat him well. The wolf was so mad at Sul-tan for this that he sent him a chal-lenge to meet him in the woods and fight. The chal-lenge was brought by a wild boar, who was to be the wolf’s sec-ond in the fight.

Poor old Sul-tan could find no one to stand by him but a cat that had but three legs. But they set out with-out fear,

the cat limp-ing on its three legs, and its tail stuck high in the air. The wolf and the boar were on the spot that had been named, but when they saw the pair com-ing, they thought Sul-tan had a big sword, be-cause they saw in front the tail of the cat, and each time the poor thing limped on its three legs, they thought he was go-ing to pick up a great stone to throw at them. They were both scared, and the boar crept un-der some leaves, and the wolf climbed up a tree. When the dog and the cat came to the spot, they did not know what had be-come of their foes. But one of the boar's ears stuck out, and the cat saw it twitch. It looked like a mouse, and the cat made a spring and gave it a good bite. The boar let forth a scream of pain, and ran off to the woods, cry-ing, "There is the guil-ty one, up in the tree."

The dog and the cat looked up and saw the wolf, who was so full of shame for his acts that he was glad to come down and make peace with the dog.







